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The Sky Pirate

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

When the conversation was finished, yton hung up his receiver and lean- back in his chair with a laugh. But was a very different laugh from that h which he was accustomed to put "guests" into good humor, and ke them feel that he was the most reeable of companions. It was a gh that would have sent a chill to ss Grayman's heart — so cold, so el, so expressive was it of satisfied ning and anticipated triumph.

t was a couple of hours before Pay- knocked at the door of the little in and called Miss Grayman out to ness the arrival of the aero at its tination. She was a little surprised find how rapidly they had descended m their aerial flight. They were within a hundred feet or so of the und, and as she glanced around she ld see nothing but trees on all sides, wild-looking trees whose aspect claimed that they at least belonged a real wilderness.

I began to doubt," said Miss Gray- n, addressing Susan, for Payton had mediately withdrawn to superintend landing, "whether we are, after all, the Catskills. I don't believe that Catskill woods are so large. It is ng time since we have seen an al- st unbroken forest beneath us, and must have traveled far in the mean- e, for I have heard papa say that se aeros can go a hundred miles or re an hour."

But there was a town, you know," d Susan.

Ah, yes, but we may have come ndreds of miles since we saw that. m really quite mystified, and don't w in what part of the world we are. can't understand why my friends uld have put the rendezvous at such distance, but I suppose they had e good reason. Anyhow, we shall n see them now, and all will be ex- ined. Just think of it; they must ve come by aero also. Isn't it ro- ntic?"

While they were talking the Chame- n quietly descended until her aero- ne almost swept the top branches of tall pines and hemlocks. Her move- nts were directed by sharp, short ers from Payton. Suddenly she sank ough an opening in the tree tops, entered a forest glade, and with branches sweeping overhead, she ed very cautiously, like a ship in tortuous channel. Then a partial ring appeared directly ahead, and a am of water came to their eyes. s soon resolved itself into a small e, embosomed in the forest, with a ge building on its shore.

Stop her!" commanded Payton.

shiver ran through the aero, she tled gracefully for a few seconds, came to rest just in front of the lding. Immediately two men in odsmen or hunter's dress ran to meet , and in the door of the building eared a stout, ruddy-faced woman ring a huge white cap, and smiling welcome through the trailing and ering vines that overhung the ad veranda in front of the door.

We have arrived safely, Miss Gray- n," said Payton, approaching, hat in d. "Permit me to assist you down." he took his offered hand and de- nded upon a bright, sandy path ich led from the lake to the house. welcome you to my lodge in the derness," said Payton. "It has never d a guest who could do it so much or."

Then this is yours!" she exclaimed. Oh, yes, it belongs to me, but quite much to my friends."

But where are my friends?"

I had hoped to be counted as one of m." Payton replied, smiling. "But, fortunately, the others have not yet me. I rather expected to distance m, for my aero has few rivals for tness, but they cannot be far away. me put you in charge of my house- per, Mrs. Williams, who will make as comfortable as possible until ir arrival. One can't have every- g in the woods, you know, but we not unprovided with necessaries even some luxuries. Ask her for thing that you may require, and mand her as if she were your own ant.

Mrs. Williams," he continued, "this Miss Grayman, of New York. Show and her maid to the front suite, see that she lacks nothing to make comfortable."

Mrs. Williams made a profound tsey, and her smile broadened as led the way into the lodge.

CHAPTER III.

Ten Million Dollars Ransom.

Mr. Grayman, on the morning after g at the breakfast table; and at last, wing impatient, he sent to his events already described, waited ghter's room. It was empty! So servant reported.

Empty!" Mr. Grayman exclaimed. hat do you mean?"

Miss Helen is not there, and her has not been occupied. We can find trace of her or of Susan."

Mr. Grayman could not believe his s. He was of a choleric tempera- nt—except in business.

You idiot!" he said, brushing the aside. "I'll go myself and see."

He ascended to his daughter's apart- nts. In a few minutes he had con- ced himself of the truth of the in- dible report. Miss Grayman was to be found, and neither her bed Susan's had been disturbed. He s absolutely stunned. Nothing in least resembling this had ever be- occurred in his family. His daugh- although of a romantic disposition, most regular in her habits, and she seldom spent a night out of the se when he was in it. He treasured as the apple of his eye. She formed only bond between him and the id of sentiment. He never suffered to be long out of his sight. In mer they went together to one of country places, or to the mountains, the seaside, or sometimes to Europe. at she should vanish out of his own se—from under his very eyes—was a g beyond all possibility of belief. It ply could not be so. And yet it s so.

fter the first half-paralyzing shock duced by this tremendous fact, Mr. yman became angry. The disagree- truth was in opposition to his will. to that he never suffered, and of had seldom encountered, any op- position. He was accustomed to rid- ing over undesirable facts and making them turn out as he wished. But here he had encountered a fact of astound- ing strangeness which was stubborn enough to defy him.

It threw him into a towering pas- sion. He abused the servants, who flocked wondering around Miss Gray- man's door. When the housekeeper ap- peared, bustling to the rescue with an imaginary explanation of the disap- pearance half uttered on her lips, he lost all patience and chased her down- stairs. Mr. Grayman, the great billion- aire, noted for his coolness and his nerve, had almost gone mad. He had met his first check in 30 years, and in a form that he could not endure.

To anger succeeded stupefaction again. The occurrence was so unpre- cedented that he could not think con- nectedly about it, or about what to do. If it had been a cross-current in busi- ness, he would have met it tranquilly and masterfully and have overcome it. But this was different—something be- yond his experience—and it overcame him.

The butler was more clear-headed than his master.

"I think it will be necessary to send for the police, sir," he suggested.

"The police!" cried Mr. Grayman. "What have they got to do with it? What do the police know about my daughter?"

"But—but, sir," stammered the man, "she may—she may have been carried off."

"Carried off! Who would carry her off, you fool? Who could carry her off here?"

"I don't know, sir. But she wouldn't have gone of herself, would she, sir?"

At this one of the maids, in whose hard, practical brain the butler's re- mark had struck the spark of an idea, said in an undertone to a companion:

"Could it have been that Lord Darn- ley? He was always hanging around her?"

Mr. Grayman's ear caught the words. Now, this was something which might have been expected to anger him—the suggestion that his daughter would elope. But, instead, it simply shocked his mind back into a normal state. In an instant he had become master of himself and of the situation.

"Go about your duties," he said quiet- ly in his ordinary tones. "We are mak- ing trouble about nothing. I had really forgotten what my daughter told me last night—I have been so overpressed with business that it escaped me. She has not disappeared; I know where she is. It was only my forgetfulness. Think no more about it."

This was again the William Gray- man who knew how to make billions. In a flash he had reached his decision. If his daughter had run away at the instigation of one of her suitors—a thing he did not yet believe—it was absolutely essential that the fact should be suppressed; at least, until he knew all the circumstances. If, on the other hand, she had disappeared for some other reason—temporary aber- ration of mind, for instance—that, too, must be suppressed. Susan's absence complicated the problem, and in itself seemed confirmatory of the first hypo- thesis; for confidential maids, as Gray- man knew, sometimes play an impor- tant role in such things. The idea of a forcible abduction did not occur to him; it would have appeared to his mind too absurd to be entertained.

Still, he felt that he needed the aid of the police, as the butler had sug- gested, but it must be secret aid. It must never be known—least of all to his servants. He, of course, had the means of securing secrecy; at least, as far as secrecy is humanly possible, for money can shut as well as open all mouths. A million dollars would be a bagatelle to William Grayman if it guarded his family from scandal. Men can be so sensitive on some points, and so insensitive on others. A scandal concerning his business method would have called forth from him only a sneer, but a scandal affecting his daugh- ter—the richest heiress in the world—he dreaded with all his soul.

His mind was made up as to the ac- tion that he should take. In his ordin- ary manner, at his usual hour, he sum- moned his wits. Before leaving the house he called for the housekeeper.

"I was a little rude in my excitement this morning," he said to her, "and it was all so absurd! It was due to my forgetfulness inspired by intense appli- cation to business. My daughter may be absent some time. She went away quietly with Susan last night to stay with some friends out of town; but her absences are so infrequent, and I am so accustomed to seeing her at the breakfast table, that the fact really slipped my mind, in the midst of so many cares, and I made a useless scene which I regret."

Grayman was almost a match for Captain Alfonso Payton in the perfec- tion of his dissimulation, and the housekeeper solemnly accepted his statement, although she could not help wondering why her mistress had been so uncommonly reticent about her in- tended absence. Still, she knew that Miss Grayman seldom made a confi- dant of any person except Susan, and she was flattered by the apology of her master.

Mr. Grayman rode to his office, and immediately summoned Police Com- missioner Braman by telephone. That official did not think it beneath his dignity instantly to answer a call to the office of William Grayman, a call that came from the billionaire himself. He scented an immense case that would cover him and the department with glory.

When the commissioner arrived, Grayman took him into his innermost sanctum and immediately astonished him beyond measure.

"Commissioner," he said, "my daugh- ter disappeared last night from my house, and I want you to find out what has become of her."

The commissioner caught his breath.

"Your daughter! Disappeared!" he gasped.

"Stop a moment!" said Grayman. "Understand that this is a profound secret, and must remain so. I will make it worth your while to shut the mouth of every detective that you em- ploy. No questions must be asked of the servants that could possibly lead them to suspect that an inquiry is on foot. They think that my daughter has gone away on a visit. No one must ever dream anything else. You must employ the most discreet and skilful men, and, if they visit my house, they must not be known in their true char- acter. I presume that you can find such men. The cost is nothing. I shall dispute no bills, provided that my wishes are complied with. You can draw on me for any amount, at any time, until the girl is found. Now, listen."

And Grayman proceeded to tell the story of the morning. When he had finished, he asked in his blunt, auto- eratic way:

"Now, tell me what you will do—what is your plan?"

The commissioner begged for a little time to think it over.

"I can have no plan yet," he said, "but I'll find one. With your permis- sion, I'll send a confidential man to your house and get a basis for further action."

"Very well," said Grayman; "let it be done. But remember my restriction. Not a word must escape anywhere—not a single word or hint."

The chief promised the most absolute secrecy, and, with great perturbation of mind, returned in all haste to head- quarters.

When Mr. Grayman was left alone his self-command relaxed. His daugh- ter was dearer to him than his fortune. He could not drive the agonizing thought of her strange disappearance from his mind. It unmanned him. He could imagine no reason and no ex- planation for it that seemed probable. He tried to distract his thoughts by turning to his day's work, but it was impossible. His attention wandered back to the one absorbing topic. He refused all callers, pretending to be too busy to see any one. It was the most uncomfortable morning he had ever spent. It was a new kind of trial and of suffering for him.

Toward noon the wireless telephone- bell in his sanctum rang sharply. Only his exclusive intimates ever called him up here. The apparatus was reserved for the secrets of high finance—secrets that could be entrusted only to sound- less ether. He put the receiver to his ear.

"Hallo!" came a voice that he did not recognize. "Reply undirected."

This, I may explain, for the benefit of readers who are not familiar with all the technicalities of wireless com- munication, meant that Grayman should respond with a "hallo" sent out by undirected waves, radiating on all sides, so that they would reach the original speaker, whatever his location might be. This, as those who are fa- miliar with the early history of wire- less telegraphy know, was at first the only way in which messages could be sent and many years were spent in fruitless efforts to direct them to defi- nite places, and thus prevent them from being picked up by Tom, Dick, and Harry at all points of the compass. Fortunately, all that, even at the time of which I am writing, had been com- pletely mastered, although the original method was still occasionally employed for special purposes, as in the present case. So complete, indeed, was the so- lution of the problem that wireless tel- egraphy and telephone messages had already become as "exclusive" as by the ancient telegraph system. Each subscriber, as at the present day, had his syntonized instrument, duly num- bered, which responded only to a limit- ed set of waves, which might be com- pared with the characteristic spectral lines of a chemical substance, no con- fusion being possible. At need, any receiver can be "thrown open" to take "undirected" and unsyntonized mes- sages.

Accordingly Mr. Grayman, although greatly surprised that any of his con- fidential correspondents should sum- mon him thus, replied in the manner indicated.

"Hallo! What do you want?"

"William Grayman?" came the re- sponse, interrogatively inflected.

"Yes."

"Himself—in person?"

"Yes."

"Very good. In the air."

This last phrase may also need a word of explanation. It is used to in- dicate that the interlocutor is afloat and that he either does not know or does not take the trouble to designate his position in the atmosphere by reference to some known point on the earth's surface.

"Who is it?" demanded Mr. Gray- man.

"Captain Alfonso Payton."

"Who? I don't know such a per- son. Who are you. I can't bother—"

"I am afraid, Mr. Grayman," inter- rupted the voice, "that you confine your attention a little too exclusively to the financial columns of the news- papers if you don't recognize my name. Yet, I might well figure in them also; my transactions are fre- quently large enough—as you are go- ing to find out. Most people know me as the Sky Pirate."

"What nonsense is this?" exclaimed Mr. Grayman, impatiently. "How have you dared——"

"No nonsense at all, Mr. Grayman," the voice again interrupted. "And as for daring, listen: I took your daugh- ter Helen from your house last night, and she, with her maid Susan are here on my aero, the Chameleon."

Grayman's heart nearly stopped beating.

"What! What is that?" he ex- claimed.

"I have your daughter in my cus- tody," the voice responded with dis- tinct deliberation. "She is in no dan- ger of any kind, and will be in none, provided that you accede promptly to the terms which I am going to give you. If you do not, you will never see her again."

There was a cold, self-confident, convincing tone to the voice that sent a shiver through the billionaire's nerves. He wiped the cold sweat from his brow with one hand, while with the other he clung to the receiver and pressed it to his ear. The strange voice went on, for he was incapable for the moment of interruption or reply:

"If you meet my demand, she will be restored to you without publicity and without injury. You are the rich- est man in the world, they say. You best know how you have acquired your riches, but that is no affair of mine. I have, however, pressing need of a part of your plunder. My terms are ten million dollars!"

"What infernal trick are you trying on me?" exclaimed Mr. Grayman, losing his temper, and at the same time recovering his nerve and the in- credulity natural to a man in such circumstances. "Who are you, any- way? I'll hear no more of this!

"It must be that some crank has found out my number," said the bil- lionaire to himself. "I must see the company about this."

He was about to drop the receiver when the voice began again:

"If you want to see your daughter again, Mr. Grayman, you'll not try to cut off this conversation. If you still don't know me, ask any newspaper man, or almost any man in the street, who Alfonso Payton is, and what he does when he makes a good capture and gets no response to a fair offer. I repeat that I have your daughter. I took her from the window of her room with my aero last night. I will release her for the sum that I have named. It is a modest sum, too, and by no means a fair price for Helen, who, besides being your heir, I find a most charming girl. Ten million dollars will leave hardly a perceptible vacancy in your pocket, but that which will happen to your daughter if you fail to pay will pickle your heart in vitriol. I know you have a heart—for her."

Mr. Grayman's anger vanished again and a cold fear began to take its place. His incredulity vanished also. His daughter was gone, and this might really be the explanation of her dis- appearance. He suddenly remembered to have heard of Payton and his evil doings. He recalled the name of the Chameleon also. He had once laughed heartily over a story of one of its ex- ploits in escaping pursuit. He was at a loss what to say or do. If only Com- missioner Braman had been there!

The voice began again, and Mr. Grayman could but listen:

"I beg you, for your own and your daughter's sake, not to make the mis- take of thinking that this is a trick. What I am telling you is the exact truth. I hold the girl, and I have all the trumps in my hand. Don't think of the police. They can't help you. No one ever succeeded in running me down, and no one ever will. Now give me your answer. Will you deal with me for the life and honor of your daughter, or will you not? Yes, or no. If yes, I will tell you how to proceed; if no, I shall lose no time in making Helen wish she had a father who loved her."

During all of this extraordinary con- versation Payton, in the cabin of the Chameleon, with Helen only a few feet away, was sending his messages "di- rected," and consequently his words were heard only by Mr. Grayman; but the latter's replies were "undirected" and might have been heard by a hun- dred persons in a hundred different places, although, of course, they would have possessed no significance.

To describe Mr. Grayman's feelings and the state of his mind is a task beyond my capacity. Doubt, incredul- ity, fear, suspicion, indignation, by turns possessed him. Yet, his anxiety concerning his daughter finally over- came everything else. There was some- thing in the words and tones of his ter- rible interlocutor which convinced him, in spite of himself, that the truth was being told.

As he recalled what he had heard and read of Payton a horrible sensation came over him. Helen must be rescued at once! He must temporize with this villain and get the better of him when he could. What harm to promise the ten millions? In his heart he felt that he would willingly give them to have his daughter once more in his arms. In the turmoil of his spirit he lost a whole minute. Suddenly a sharp ring came, and the voice, very grave, said:

"Come! No fooling, Mr. Grayman! I have your daughter right here in my hands. No power under God's sun can save her if you do not answer me in- stantly."

"I dare not say 'no,'" thought the billionaire, "for all this may be true. I'll answer 'yes,' and then we shall see."

Accordingly he spoke the word.

"I congratulate you on your good sense, Mr. Grayman," came the in- stant response, "and on your fatherly affection. Have no fear now. Helen shall not be harmed unless you attempt treachery. Remember that! Now, I'll tell you how to proceed. In two days go to the bluff overlooking the Mohawk river, at Tribes Hill, New York. I'll be there, and we will arrange for the payment of the money and the simul- taneous delivery of the girl at another place. You may come armed if you like, but you must have no friends on the ground, and you must not come in an aero. We will meet alone, man to man; and I pledge you my word, which I have never broken, that no personal injury will be offered to you. I have your daughter, which is all I need. I shall not gain, but lose, by offering any violence to you. Simply remember that there must be no treachery. Good-by."

Mr. Grayman called out, "Where are you?" but this time there was no response. The conversation was ended.

The billionaire sank back into his chair, his thoughts still in a whirl. But he could not get away from the con- viction that his daughter was really the pirate's prisoner. The question was how to rescue her. There must be no false steps. The scoundrel had appar- ently placed himself in his hands by giving him a rendezvous. But there might be danger both to himself and to his daughter in trying to outwit him. He must consult the chief of po- lice. Having reached this point in his reflections, Mr. Grayman called up police headquarters once more. Com- missioner Braman was just about to explain the case, as Mr. Grayman had put it before him an hour earlier, to his best detective, when the bil- lionaire's second call reached him. He made even greater haste to answer it than the first time.

"Do you know Alfonso Payton?" Mr. Grayman asked as soon as the commissioner entered. The latter star- ed dumfounded.

"Payton hasn't got her, has he? Then God help you!" he blurted out.

Mr. Grayman had passed the nerv- ously excited stage of his trouble, and now he remained perfectly unmoved in the face of the outspoken misgiving of Braman on learning that it was the redoubtable Sky Pirate that they had to deal with.

"Yes," he said. "I fear that that is the situation. I have just had a talk with the outlaw, who called me up by wireless from nowhere, and demanded ten million dollars' ransom."

"Ten million dollars!" cried the com- missioner.

"Yes, ten million dollars," Mr. Gray- man responded testily. "Do you think that that would break me, or do you think that my daughter is not worth it?"

Mr. Grayman's irritation arose from the remembrance of Payton's insolent tones as he had made the demand, and the commissioner winced at his angry glance. Then he begged pardon, ex- plaining that such sums were unusual in his arithmetic. Mr. Grayman was mollified, and proceeded to tell the story of the conversation by wireless.

"And now I think we've got him," he wound up.

"I'm not so sure," replied the com- missioner, who had recovered his aplomb. "Alfonso Payton is the skill- fullest crook alive. He gave you 'In the air,' for location and told you to respond 'Undirected,' didn't he?"

"He did."

"Well, he always does. You see, this wireless telegraph and telephone busi- ness is an enormously powerful lever in his hands. In former times, kid- napers had to write letters, and letters can be traced; but Payton carries his victim off in a swift aero that nobody has ever been able to follow—a perfect witch of a thing, according to all re- ports—and then he talks ransom with their friends from Heaven knows where. He leaves no track and no clues in the air. I've never had to deal with him myself, for this is the first time that he has ventured into New York, but I've heard all about him from different parts of the coun- try."

"He gave me a precise address where to meet him," said Grayman.

"And do you think you'll catch him there?"

"How can he hope to get the money if he doesn't meet me?"

"Ah, I see that you are not up to the tricks of these crooks. Payton will watch the place from his aero like a hawk. If he sees any signs of a trap, you might as well try to catch a bird by putting salt on its tail."

"What then? Would you have me tamely pay over ten million dollars and not try to catch the wretch?"

"I don't say that," the commissioner responded, thoughtfully. "But if it wer an ordinary sum, I might."

"Humph!" exclaimed Mr. Grayman. "Then you won't try to help me?"

"On the contrary, I will. But we have got to go to work with extreme caution."

"Tell me your plan, then."

"I've got no plan yet. It needs thinking over."

"Think quick, then, and you can name your price if you show me a way to get this infamous reprobate into my power. But before and above all, I mst have my daughter safe in my hands."

"That's just the difficulty. You have two days, you say. Tribes Hill is within four hours' journey by rail from New York. Give me until tomorrow to arrange my plan."

Mr. Grayman curbed his impatience and assented.

"Remember, absolute secrecy," he said.

"I shall remember," the commission- er replied. "Expect me tomorrow at noon; and if human ingenuity can trap Alfonso Payton, I shall have him un- der lock and key within forty-eight hours."

CHAPTER IV.

Half a Discovery in the Woods.

MISS GRAYMAN was the first to awake on the morning follow- ing their arrival at Payton's mysterious lodge, and immediately she called Susan.

"I am so in hopes that my friends have arrived!" she said. "I want to get down stairs as soon as possible."

Susan hastily dressed herself, her mistress, in her impatience, perform- ing her toilet unaided, and then they descended. It was not much after 5 o'clock, but Payton, as usual, met them in the hall.

"Please send Susan back at once to get your wraps, Miss Grayman," he said. "It is cold this morning, but you will enjoy a spin on the water to give you an appetite for breakfast."

"But my friends?"

"Oh, not so early," he said, laugh- ing. "They have laid up for the night, not being as familiar with the woods as I am; but they'll be along in the course of the morning. Send, I beg you, for your wraps. You cannot di- vine how charming the woods are at this hour. Every bird is awake, and the trout are leaping for joy."

Miss Grayman concealed her dis- appointment and sent Susan for her wraps. Once more in Payton's com- pany she felt her spirits revive. He was more entertaining than ever, and the air, the water, the forest were equally delightful—so cool, fresh, fra- grant and musical. It was a new life for Miss Grayman and she began to feel the zest of it. Her thought of yesterday came to her again, and once more her face flushed.

If her friends really had intended to throw her into the company of Commodore Brown, and get her in- terested in him in this unconven- tional way, before a formal presenta- tion, she was hardly disposed to find fault with them for the indiscretion.

He paddled them up the stream to a pool below the rapids. The trout were flashing on all sides in the bright morning air, and here and there along the shore strange birds rose and flut- tered off at their approach. Payton's humor was in accord with the scene, and the rocks echoed even Miss Gray- man's joyous laughter.

"Let me paddle you to the shore yonder," he said. "I want to show you something."

They landed in a little bight among the rocks and stepped out on the elas- tic bed of brown pine needles.

"See here," and he pointed to a de- pression alongside a huge stump, "a bear slept there last night."

"A bear!"

"Yes. Look; here are some of his hairs. And just come this way a bit," and he approached a sandy spot on the shore. "Do you see those hoof prints? Three deer have taken a drink here before you were up."

"Oh, I should so love to see a real wild deer!"

"Then perhaps I'll show you one before you are a day older. And if you are skillful in the sports of Diana we may have some venison of your killing."

"I believe I can fire a gun without shutting my eyes," said Miss Gray- man, laughing. "But, of course we shall postpone the proof until the ar- rival of the others."

"Of course, and they ought to ar- rive at any moment now. Don't you want to take the paddle and acquire one of the arts of the Indian?"

"I should like nothing better."

Accordingly, sho took the paddle, and, following his instructions, the course now lying with the current, she managed to carry the canoe, with very slight mishap, back to the landing place. As they stepped out, one of the men she had seen on the Cham- eleon approached and handed a slip of paper to Payton. He read it, and, frowning, snapped his fingers, ex- claiming, half under his breath: "By Jove, that's really too bad!"

Then he looked at Miss Grayman with an expression of sympathetic distress upon his fine features.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have to announce a slight mishap, which, while it accounts for the delay of our friends, also makes it certain that they cannot reach us this morning."

The blood fled from Miss Grayman's face. She felt an inexplicable pre- monition of evil.

"Oh, don't let it distress you," said Payton cheeringly. "Here, please read this dispatch, just come by wire- less. I have electric communication with all parts, so we are not lost, you see."

He held the paper before her, cov- ering the lower corner where the sig- nature would be with his thumb.

"The secret isn't open yet, you know," he said with a deprecatory smile, "and, of course, I can't let you see the name."

She read:

"Brown, Camp Bear Aero broke down near Pettytown. Bring repair tools. All send greetings and regrets to Miss Grayman."

As he finished, he cunningly, and as if totally unaware, slipped aside his thumb, and she saw that it had cover- ed the name, "Mitchell."

"Sorry my pledge compels me to conceal the signature," he said, fold- ing the paper. "You see it will be necessary for me to go to the rescue. I would, by all means, have you go along, in order that you might the sooner meet your friends; but, unfor- tunately, I shall have to take all my available men and some machinery, so the Chameleon will be loaded to her limit, so for a few hours, you will be free from my attentions, which, for my part, I deeply regret. But you will find Mrs. Williams most enter- taining in her way, and in the library there is a stock of the latest novels."

At first Miss Grayman did not know what to reply; the thing was so unex- pected. But the glimpse that she had caught, unknown, as she believed, to Commodore Brown, of the signature of the dispatch, confirmed in a most positive manner her former conjec- ture. It was really the Mitchells, of Washington, then, who were at the bottom of this affair, and she wonder- ed that she had not thought of them at the very first; for now she recalled how the two Mitchell girls and their brother were always engaged in some practical joke on their friends, with a pleasant ending.

They must have written to her father, letting him into the secret, and knowing his dislike to having her long out of his sight, she felt sure that he was one of the party on the disabled aero.

As these thoughts ran through her mind she became eager for Commo- dore Brown's departure, that the ar- rival of the missing ones might be hastened.

To be Continued.

THE AEROPLANE AND BATTLESHIP

Captain Richard P. Hobson Says Big Fighting Ma- chine Will Never Be Dis- placed by the Air Vehicle and Gives His Reasons.

The much agitated question of what relation the aeroplane will eventually bear to military operations is logical- ly discussed by Captain Richmond P. Hobson in a brilliant article ap- pearing in the September number of Popular Mechanics. Captain Hobson cities nature as an authority for his line of reasoning, and his observations are always plausible. He says:

"The experience of nature is usu- ally a fair guide for man. In the realm of air, nature has evolved but one main weapon, the beak, and one auxiliary weapon, the talon. An addi- tional main weapon, the spur, has only been evolved where the feather- ed creature remains upon the ground. In weapons, nature has found it im- possible in the air to match the fang, claw, tusk, horn and hoof of the land, and the tooth, tentacle, fin, saw and sword of the water. The great speed attainable in the air is only an auxil- iary agency of offense.

"In the air, nature has undertaken no provision for defense, direct. Feathers, primarily for sustaining power and for speed, are only auxil- iary in defense. Nowhere do we find the special developments of hide, bone, shell and inaccessibility of vi- tals, found in combatants of land and water. The great speed of the air is defensive in the sum of aiding escape.

"Of forms, there is but one com- batant type in the air, that of the eagle or hawk, and the maximum size is limited to a few pounds. On land and in the sea, the combatants are multiple in form and extend to tons in weight. Nowhere in the air do we find nature exhibiting the titanic com- bats so common between the beasts in the jungle and the great fish in the sea.

"Never yet has the bird of prey been a menace to the beast of prey or the fish of prey. If actual combat took place, the outcome could be but one way. The bird could avoid combat, but choosing combat, and unable to lift the beast or fish into the air, it would of necessity be vanquished.

"There must be some great princi- ple underlying these evolutionary lim- itations of nature in producing com- batant power in the air. It is the dif- ficulty of sustaining any considerable weight in the air. The bulk of the activities and energies must be de- voted to sustaining the bare weight involved in life itself, keeping the to- tal weight down to a minimum, and developing the maximum energy per unit weight. Nature could find but a small margin of weight and energy available for purposes of combat. In- deed, so exacting and exhausting is the effort to sustain weight in the air, that nature has not evolved a single bird that remains permanently on the wing, nor even insects or other forms of life, animal or vegetable, capable of remaining suspended in the air and propagating their species in the air, as are found so prolifically on the land and in the sea.

"It is the same nature that has done its best in the air, in the sea, and on the land. It is the same man who will do his best in all three realms. He finds and will continue to find the same inherent limitations that nature fund, and the presumption is that his aerial engines of combat, built under the limitations of the air, will bear about the same relations to his en- gines of combat on land and sea as the combatant power of birds bears to the combatant power of beast and fish. While combatant birds have a limited sphere of action against non- combatant beasts and fish, they have almost no sphere of action against combatants of land and sea."

After an interesting discussion of the advantages and limitations of both aeroplane and battleship as op- posed in warfare, Captain Hobson de- clares that "the most effective work of aeroplanes will doubtless be done by those that become part of the equipment of battleships, chiefly for purposes of observation and scout- ing." Of the battleship, he says:

"It is not necessary to detail the great defensive elements of the bat- tleship structure, even in its present construction. It will be found difficult, if not impossible, to sink or de- stroy a modern battleship by a sin- gle blow, even below the waterline, except in case of the most powerful mine explosion. How can it be ex- pected to destroy such a vessel by a single blow from the air? Of course the aeroplane's missile will be of sen- sitive explosive of highest power, dynamite or explosive gelatine at the present time. It could not be hoped to have such a missile pass through the superstructure and upper decks and reach the protective deck before explosion. Any claim of armor pen- etration is out of the question.

"Even if it did piece one of the pro- tective decks, it is hardly conceivable that the ship would be destroyed by a single explosion of any missile lim- ited by the weight an aeroplane could adopt, for the ship's vitals are in multiple units and the structure is such that damage is localized. The luckiest missile from an aeroplane would be one that missed the ship, but fell close by and exploded under water and produced a disrupting mine effect to crush in the lower under- water structure. In this way, the target for the aeroplane is increased by a wall of water around the ship. If the aeroplane drops a charge of 100-lb. of dynamite or explosive gel- atine, the width of this wall may be regarded as about 20 feet, assuming that the pressure required to disrupt the structure is 5,000 pounds or more per square inch.

"Aready the sides and bottom compartments of battleships are built to cushion an dlocalize the blow from torpedoes and mines, when the weight of explosion will far exceed the weight practicable in aeroplanes. Structurally, the battleship embodies now great defensive power in the use of armor and arrangement of con- struction, expected to withstand with- stand without vital injury scores of blows as heavy as those the aeroplane can hope to strike. In addition it can readily adopt new applications of armor and construction, if needed, against missiles dropped from above. It is readily seen how wire nettings could be carried high up, at two or more heights, capable of exploding if not of stopping missiles dropped from above, the lower net being designed to catch fragments. Indeed, with adaptation, special captive balloons could maintain such a net high in the air, and at the same time employ small weapons against approaching aeroplanes. It is easily seen how, in firing at the aeroplane, the missiles, mounting to the zenith in large num- bers, would tend to explode any mis- sile dropped with accuracy. Indeed, special guns and ammunition could be devised to keep a shower of mis- siles constantly ascending to cover the zenith in the same way that a cloud of missiles could be kept in front of an aeroplane.

"The battleship's speed is a source of substantial protection in reducing the accuracy of missiles operated only by gravity, and this speed is eas- ily made variable in both direction and velocity when aeroplanes are ap- proaching. At night and in the gloaming, the searchlights from tor- pedo boat destroyers and other auxil- iaries, sweeping the heavens and rest- ing on aeroplane or aeroplanes, would interfere with the latter locating bat- tleships with lights screened, until the guns of the ships opened up with a pour of annihilation.

"The limited offensive power of the aeroplane contributes almost nothing in the way of defense, while the whole battery of power of the battleship is a direct factor of defense in prevent- ing the aeroplane from reaching the zenith. It must also be remembered that in defense, as in offense, the bat- tleship can command the service of air craft, aeroplane destroyers, dirigi- bles and captive balloons."

"The Aeroplane Has Come Like the Torpedo and the Submarine, but the Battleship Remains and Will Continue to Remain King."

HALF A CHANCE

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Congratulated?" Her face had changed, grown colder. His hand grasped the stone balustrade, but he forced a smile to his lips. "I can not imagine who has started—why you speak thus. Lord Ronsdale is an old friend of my uncle, and—mine, too. But that is all; I am not—have not been. You are mistaken."

"Mistaken?" The word broke from him quickly; the strained expression of his face gave way to another he could ill conceal. Before the light in his gaze, the fire, the ardency, her own slowly fell; she turned slightly as if to go. But he made no effort to stop her, spoke no word. She took a step, hesitated; John Steele moved.

"Good-by," he said slowly. "I am leaving rather early in the morning; I shall not see you again."

"Good-by." She raised her head with outward assurance. "At least until we meet in London," she ended lightly.

"That may not be—"

"Why, you are not thinking of leav- ing London?" with gaiety perhaps a trifle forced, "of deserting your dingy metropolis?"

He did not answer; she looked at him quickly; something in his face held her; a little of the lightness went from hers.

"Once more, good-by, Miss—Jocelyn."

His look was now resolute; but his voice lingered on her name. He ex- tended his hand in the matter-of-fact manner of one who knew very well what he had to do; the girl's eyes widened on him. Did she realize he was saying "Good-by" to her for all time? She held her head higher, pressed her lips slightly closer. Then she sought to withdraw her hand but he, as hardly knowing what he did, or yielding to sudden, irres- istible temptation, clasped for an instant the slim fingers closer; they seemed to quiver in his. The girl's fig- ure moved somewhat from him; she stood almost amid the roses, dark spots that nodded around her. The bush was a mass of bloom; did she tremble ever so slightly? Or was it but the fine, sensitive petals behind her that stir- red when kissed by the sweet-scented breeze?

John Steele breathed deeply; he con- tinued to regard her, so far, so beau- tiful! A leaf fell; she made a move- ment; it seemed to awaken him to rea- lization. He started and threw back his head; the dark, glowing eyes became once more resolute. An instant, and he bent; a breath, or his lips, swept the delicate, white fingers; then he drop- ped them. Her head swung back against the cold stone; on her breast, something bright—an ornament—flut- tered, became still. Behind, a bird chirped: her glance turned toward the ball room.

"I—"

Other voices, loud, merry, coming from one of the open French windows interrupted.

"Jocelyn!" They called to her; faces looked out. "Jocelyn!"

"Yes!" She was walking rapidly from him now, a laugh, a little forced, on her lips.

On the balcony a number of persons appeared. "A cotillion! We're going to have a cotillion; that is, if you—"

"Of course, if you wish." The gay group surrounded her; light, heedless voices mingled; then she, all of them, vanished into the ballroom.

John Steele moved slowly down the stone steps leading to the garden below. One thought vibrated in his mind. Sir Charles had erred when he told him that day in the park of his niece and Ronsdale. Perhaps be- cause the wish was father to the thought—But the girl's own assurance dispelled all doubts and fears. He, John Steele, had been mistaken. Those were her words. "Mistaken!"

He could go away now, gladly, glad- ly! No! not that, perhaps; but he could go. If need be—far from England; never to be seen, heard of, more by her. He could go, and she would never know she had honored by her friend- ship, had sheltered beneath her roof, one who— As he walked down the dimly lighted path somebody—a man— standing under the trees, at one side, at that moment touched his arm.

"I should like to speak with you, sir!" said a voice, and turning with a quick jerk, Steele saw the familiar fea- tures of Gillett, the former police agent; behind him, other men.

The Scotland Yard man coughed sig- nificantly. "Out here is a nice, quiet place for a word, or so," he said in his blandest manner. "And if you will so good—"

John Steele's reply was as emphatic as it was sudden; he had been dream- ing; the awakening had come. A glint like lightning flashed from his eyes; well, here was something tangible to be grappled with! A laugh burst from his throat; with the quickness of thought he launched himself forward.

CHAPTER XIII.

A housemaid, some time later that night, moved noiselessly over the heavy rugs in the boudoir of the prin- cess suite, next to armory hall on the second story of Strathorn House. Glancing nervously about her from time to time, the woman trimmed a candle here and set another there; then lifted with ponderous brass tongs a few coals and placed them on the smoldering bed in the delicately tinted fireplace. After which she stood be- fore it in the attitude of one who is waiting though not with stolid and un- disturbed patience.

A clock ticked loudly on the mantel; she looked at it, around her at the shadows of two beautiful marbles on pedestals of malachite. Moving into the bedroom beyond, she took from a wardrobe of old French workmanship a rose dressing-gown; this, and a pair of slippers of like color she brought out and placed near the fire. As she did so, she started, straightened sud- denly; then her expression changed; the voice of Lord Ronsdale without was followed by that of Jocelyn Wray.

"Never fear! They'll get the fel- low yet," my lord had said.

Jocelyn answered mechanically; the door opened; the maid caught a glimpse of Ronsdale's face, of the cold eyes that looked the least bit annoyed.

"Although it was most bungling on their part to have permitted him to get away!" he went on. "I hope, however, this little unexpected episode won't disturb your rest." An instant the steely eyes seemed to contemplate her closer. "Many going away to-

A Sore Spot.

Catholic Standard.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer." "Oh, gracious, no!" replied the hostess,

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morrow?" he asked, as if to divert her thoughts from the exciting experience of the evening before leaving her.

"Only Captain Forsythe and—Mr. Steele."

Did he notice the slightest hesitation, on her part, before speaking the last name? My lord's eyes fell; an odd expression appeared on his face. He murmured a few last perfunctory words; then—"They'll get him yet. He can't get away," he repeated. The words had a singular, a sibilant sound; he bowed deferentially and strode off, not toward his own chamber, however, but toward the great stairway leading down to the first story.

As the door closed behind her young mistress, the maid came quickly forward. "Did you learn anything more, Miss Jocelyn, if I may be so bold as to ask, from the police agent? Who the criminal was, or—"

"The police agent only said he was an ex-convict, no ordinary one, who had escaped from London and was making for the sea. They got word he was at the village and followed him there but he managed to elude them and they traced him to Strathorn House park, where he had taken refuge. The police did not acquaint Sir Charles, Lord Ronsdale or any one with their purpose, thinking not to alarm us needlessly beforehand. And I believe that is all."

A moment the woman waited. "I—shall I—"

The girl looked before her; tiny flames from the grate heightened the sheen on her gown; they threw passing lights on the somewhat tired, proud face. "I shall not need you, Dobson," she said. "You may go. A moment." The woman, who had half-turned, waited; Jocelyn's glance had lowered to the fire; in its reflection her slim, delicate fingers were rosy. She unclasped them, smoothed the brocade absently with one hand. "One or two are leaving early tomorrow. You will see—you will give instructions that everything is provided for their comfort."

The maid responded and left the room; Jocelyn stood as if wrapped in reverie. At length she stirred suddenly and extinguishing all but one dim light, sank back into a chair. Her eyes half closed, then shut entirely. One might have thought her sleeping, except that her breathing was not deep enough; the golden head remained motionless against the soft pink of the dressing-gown; the hand that dropped limply from the white wrist over the arm of the chair did not stir. Around, all was stillness; time passed; then a faint shout from somewhere in the gardens, far off, aroused her. The girl looked around; but immediately silence again reigned; she got up.

Leaning against the shaft holding one of the marbles, she regarded without seeing a chaste, youthful Canova, and beyond, painted on boards and set against satin, a Botticelli face, spiritual, sphinx-like. Her brows were slightly drawn; she breathed deeply now, as if there were something in the place, its quiescence, the immobility of the lovely but ghostlike semblance of faces with which it was peopled that oppressed her. She seemed to be thinking, or questioning herself, when suddenly her attention was attracted again by a sound of a different kind, or was it only fancy? She looked toward a large Flemish tapestry covering one entire end of the room; behind the antique landscape in green threads she knew there was a disused door leading into armory hall. Drawing back the heavy folds she stepped a little behind them; the door was locked and bolted; moreover, several heavy nails had fastened it, completely isolating her suite, as it were, from that spacious, general apartment.

Again the sound! This time she placed it—the creaking of tthe giant branch of ivy that ran up and around her own balcony. The girl paused irresolutely, her hand on the heavy ancient hanging. Leaning forward she waited; but the noise stopped; she heard nothing more, told herself it was nothing and was about to move out again when her gaze was suddenly held by something that passed like a shadow—a man's arm?—on the other side of the nearest window, between the modern French curtains, not quite drawn together.

In that inconsiderable space between the silk fringes she was sure she had seen it, and anything suggestive of dolce far niente disappeared from the girl's blue eyes. The window opened wider, noiselessly but quickly; then a hand, strong, shapely, pushed the curtains aside. Had the intruder first satisfied himself that the room was vacant? He acted as one certain of his ground; now drawing the window draperies quickly together behind him as if seeking to escape observation from any one below, he stepped out into the room. Something he saw seemed to surprise him; a low exclamation fell from his lips; his eyes, searching in the dim light his surroundings, swiftly passed from the rich furnishings, the artistic decorations, to the bright-colored robe, the little slippers before the fire. Here they lingered, but only for a moment! Did the intruder hear a sound, a quick breath? His gaze swerved to the opposite end of the room where it saw a living presence. For a moment they looked at each other; the man's face turned very pale; his hand touched the back of a chair; he steadied himself.

"I thought—to enter armory hall—did not know your rooms were here," he managed to say in a low tone, "at this corner of Strathorn House."

She did not answer; so they stood, silently, absurdly. Her face was like paper; her hair, in contrast, most bright; her eyes expressed only incomprehension. The man had to speak first ;he pulled himself together. The bad fortune that had dogged him so long, that he had fought against so hard, now found its culmination; it had cast him, of all places, hither, at her feet.

So be it; well, destiny now could harm him little more! His eyes gleamed; a reckless light shone out, a dare-devil luster. He continued to look at her, then threw back his head.

"I had hoped you would never know; but the gods, it seems," he could even laugh, "have ordained otherwise. 'Fata obstant.'" Still that startled, uncomprehending look on the girl's white face! He went on more quickly, like a man driven to bay. "You do not understand; you are credulous; take people for what them seem—not for what they are; or have been."

He stopped; a suggestion of pain creeping into her expression, as if, behind wonderment, she was conscious of something being rudely torn, wrenched in her inmost being, held him. His face grew set; the nails of his closed fingers cut his palms. But the laugh returned to his lips, the luster to his eyes.

"Or have been!" he repeated. "A good many people have their pasts. Can you imagine what mine may have been?"

But she scarcely followed his words; she did not think, she could not; she seemed to stand in a hateful dream! Looking at him—the torn evening clothes!—his face, pale, different! Listening to him—to what—?

"A convict!" said the man. "Yes; that's what I was. Had been in jails, jails! And was sent out of the country, years ago, transported. But time went by and the convict thought he might safely come back—boldly—with impunity. The years and—circumstances had altered him—wrought great changes. He felt compelled to return—why, is of no moment!—believed himself secure in so doing—and was—until chance led him out of his accustomed way—to new walks—new faces—where lay the danger—the ambush, into which he, who thought himself strong, like a weak fool, walked—or was led—blindly." He caught himself up with a laugh. "But what is this to you? Enough, the convict found himself recognized, his identity thoroughly established."

He waited; still she was silent; the little hands clasped tightly the heavy drapery that moved as if she were putting part of her weight on it. Her expression showed still that she had not yet had time to comprehend; that for her what he said remained, even now, but words, confused, inexplicable. A strange sequel to a strange night, a night that had begun with such gaiety and blitheness; that had been interrupted, after he had left her, by the shouting and rough voices from the garden! She seemed to hear them anew, and afterward, the explanation of that odd little person, the police agent, his apologies for breaking in upon the cotillion. But he had said—?

The blue eyes bent like stars now on this man in her room, standing before her with bold, mocking face, as if his dark eyes read, understood every thought that passed through her brain.

"You!—then it was you—John Steele—that they—"

"The convict they tried to arrest. Yes."

"You? I don't—" Her voice was almost childlike.

"I will help you to—understand!" An ashen shade came over his face, but it passed quickly; his voice sounded brusk. "For months, since a fatal evening all light, brilliancy, beauty!—the convict has been trying to hold back the inevitable; but the net whose first meshes were then woven, had since been drawing closer—closer. In the world two forces are ever at work, the pursuers and the pursued. In this instance the former," harshly, "were unusually clever. He struggled hard to keep up the deception until he could complete a defense worthy of the name. But to no avail! He felt the end near; did not expect it so soon, however, this night—this very night—!' however, this night! — this very night—!"

The man paused; there was a strange gleam in the dark eyes that lingered on her; its light was succeeded by another, a fiercer expression. For the first time she moved, shrank back slightly. "I'm afraid I used a few of them roughly," he said, with look derisory. "There was no time for soft talk; it was cut and run—give 'leg bail,' as the thieves say." Did he purposely relapse into coarser words to clench home the whole damning, detestable truth? Her fine soft lips quivered; it may be she felt herself awakening—slowly; one hand pressed now at her breast. In the grate the fire sank, although a few licking flames still thrust their fiery tongues between black lumps of coal.

"But it was a close call, out there in the garden! They were before the convict in the woods. he must need double back to the shadow of the house! At the bottom of a moat he looked up to a balcony overhead, mall as Juliet's—though I swear he thought it led to armory hall, not here; had he known the truth, he would have stayed there first, and—But, as it was, he heard voices around the corner; afar, men approaching. The ivy at Strathorn House is almose as old as the house itself, the main branches larger than a man's arm. It was not difficult to get here, though I wish now—" he dared smile bitterly— "they had come on me first."

The breeze at the window slightly shook the curtain; is waved in and out; the tassels struck faint taps on the sill.

"But why—?" she began at length, then stopped, as if the question were gone almost as soon as it suggested itself.

"—did I return here,—re-enter Strathorn House?" he completed it for her. "Because there seemed nothing else to do; is was probably only temporizing with the inevitable—but one always temporizes."

She moved slowly out into the room; his face was half-averted; all the light that came from the grate rested now on hers. At that instant she seemed like a shadow, beautiful, but a shadow, going toward him as through no volition of her own. The thick texture on the floor drowned the sound of her steps; she paused with her fingers on the gilded frame of a settee. He did not turn, although he must have known she was near; with his back toward her he gazed down at the soft, bright hues of the rug, and on it a white thing, a tiny bit of lace, a handkerchief that some time before had fluttered to the floor and had been left lying there.

"But—" she spoke now— "you—you who seemed all that was—I can't believe—it is impossible—inconceivable—"

His features twitched, the nerves seemed moving beneath the skin; but he answered in a hard tone. "I have told you the truth; because," the words broke from him, "I had to! Must I," despite himself there was a accent of acutest pain in his voice, "repeat it?"

"No!" said the girl. "Oh, no."

"You guessed I was going away. I was going so that you might never learn what you know now."

"I—guessed you were going? Ah, tonight—on the balcony!"

Did he divine what her words recalled, could not bring to mind? A tint sprang to her white face; it spread even to the white throat. The blue eyes grew hard, very hard; the little hand he had so short a while before held in his, closed; the slender figure which had then seemed to waver, straightened. He read the thought his words had evoked, did not meet her eyes now.

"You tell me what you have—And yet you have come—dared to come here—under this roof—?"

It may be she also recalled his look when first he had entered this room, and, turning, had seen her; that her mind retained the impress of a bearing, bold, mocking.

"Oh," he said, "it was infamous!" The word struck him like a whip, lashed his face to a dull red; the silence grew.

"I would not presume to dispute or contradict any conclusion you may have reached," he spoke at length in a low, even voice. "I had not, as I said, intended this last, this most inexcusable intrusion. You have now only one course to pursue—" His gaze turned to the long silken bellrope on the wall. "And I promise not to resist."

Her glance followed his, returned to his face, to his eyes, quietly challenging. She took a step.

"Well?" he said.

She suddenly stopped; in the hall voices were heard approaching; he too caught them.

"That simplifies matters," he remarked.

Her breast stirred; she stood listening; they came nearer—now were at the door. A measured knocking broke the stillness.

"Jocyelyn!" The voice was that of Sir Charles. "Are you there?" She did no answer. "Kindly unlock the door."

CHAPTER XIV.

The girl made no motion to obey and the knocking was repeated; mechanically she moved toward the threshold. "Yes?" All the color left her face. "What—what is it?"

"Don't mean to alarm you, my dear, but Mr. Gillett thinks the convict migh be concealing himself somewhere in the house; indeed, that it is quite likely. So we are making a little tour of inspection. Shall we not go through your rooms? There! don't be frightened!" quickly, "only as a matter of precaution, you know."

"I," she seemed to catch her breath, "it is really quite unnecessary. I have been through them myself."

"Might have known that!" with an attempt at jocoseness. "But thought we would make sure. Your balcony, you have looked there?"

"Yes."

"Very well; lock your window leading to it. Only as a matter of precaution," he repeated hastily. "No need of our coming in, I fancy, You had retied?"

"I—was about to."

"Quite right." A moment the party lingered. "Shall I send one of the maids to sleep in your dressing room? Company, you know! Your voice sounds a little nervous."

"Does it? Not at all!" she said hastily. "I am—not in the least nervous."

"Good night, then!" They went. "One of my men in the garden felt sure he had seen him return toward the house," Mr. Gillett's voice was wafted back, became fainter, died away.

The man in the room stood motionless now, his face like that of a statue save for the light and life of his eyes. The clock beat the moments; he looked at her. The girl was almost turned from him; he saw more of the bright hair than the pale profile, so still against the delicately carved arabesques of the panel.

"The other way would have been—preferable!"

There was nothing reckless or bold in his bearing now; but, looking away, she did not see. Was he tempted, if only in an infinitesimal degree, to suggest a plea of mitigating circumstances—not for his own sake but for hers; that she might feel less keenly that sense of hurt, of outraged pride, for having smiled on him, admitted him to a certain frank, free intimacy? Before the words fell from his lips, however, she turned; her gaze arrested his purpose made him feel poignantly acutely the distance now between them. "What were you," she hesitated, emphasized over-sharply the word, "transported for?"

An instant his eyes flashed suddenly back at her, as if he were on the point of answering, telling her all, disavowing; but to what end? To ask more of her than of others, throw himself on her generosity?

"What does it matter?"

True; what did it matter to her; he had been in prisons before, by his own words.

"Your name, of course, is not John Steele?" He confessed it a purloined asset.

"What was it?"

He looked at her—beyond! To a storm-tossed ship, a golden-haired child, her curls in disorder, moving with difficulty, yet clinging so steadfastly to a small cage. His name? It may be he heard again the loud pounding and knocking; held her once more to his breast, felt the confiding, soft arms.

"What does it matter?" he repeated.

What, indeed? That which she had not been able to penetrate, to understand in him, this was it! This!

"But why"—fragments of what he had said recurred to her; she spoke mechanically—"when you found yourself recognized, did you not leave England; why did you come here—to Strathorn House; incur the danger, the risk?"

"Why?" He still continued to look straight before him. "Because you—were here!" He spoke quietly, simply.

"I?" she trembled.

"Oh, you need not fear!" quickly. "You!" a bitter smile crossed his face. "One may see a star and long to draw nearer it, though one knows it is always beyond reach, unattainable! May even stumble forward, led by its light—bright, beautiful! Whither?" He laughed abruptly. "One has not asked, nor cared."

"Cared?" Her figure swayed; he too stood uncertainly; the lights seemed to tremble.

The man suddenly straightened; then turned. "And now," his voice sounded harsh, tense; he stepped toward the balcony.

His words, the abrupt action—what it portended, aroused her.

"No; no!" The exclamation broke from her involuntarily; she seemed to waken as from something unreal that had momentarily held her. "There—there may be a safer way!" She hardly knew what she was saying; one thought alone possessed her mind; she looked with strained, bright glance before her. "The Queen Elizabeth staircase leading into the garden from my —" The words were arrested; her blue eyes, dark, dilated, lingered on him in an odd, impersonal way. "Wait!" Bright spots of color now tinted her cheeks; she went quickly toward the door she had left her manner that of one who hastens to some course on impulse, without pausing to reason. "A few minutes!" She listened, turned the key; then opening the door, stepped hastily out into the hall.

The latch clicked; the man stood alone. Whatever her purpose, only the desire to act quickly, to have done with an intolerable situation moved him. Once more he looked toward the window through which he had entered; first, however, before going, he bethought himself of something, an answer after he was gone! His fingers thrust themselves into a breast pocket; he took out a small object wrapped in velvet. An instant his eyes rested upon it; then, stopping, he picked up the bit of lace handkerchief from the floor and laying the dark velvet against it placed the two on the table.

Would she understand? The debt he had felt he owed her long before tonight, that sense of obligation to the child who had reached out her hand, in a different life, a different world! No; she had, of course, forgotten; still he would leave it, that talisman so precious, which he had cherished almost superstitiously.

When a few minutes later the girl hastily re-entered the room, she carried on her arm a man's coat and hat; her appearance was feverish, her eyes wide and shining.

"Your clothes are torn—would attract attention! There were on the rack—I don't know whose—but I stole them!—stole them!"

She spoke quickly with a little hard note of self-mockery. Her voice broke off suddenly; she looked around her.

The coat and hat slipped from her arm; she looked at the window; the curtain still moved, as if a hand had but recently touched it. She stared at it—incredulously. He had gone; he would have none of her assistance then; preferred— She listened, but cought only the rustling of the heavy silk. When? Minutes passed; at her left, a candle, carelessly adjusted by the maid, gripped to the dresser; its over-long wick threw weird, ever-changing shadows; her own silhouette appeared in various distorted forms on hangings and wall.

Still she heard nothing, nothing louder than the faint sounds at the window; the occasional, mysterious creakings of old woodwork. He must have long since reached the ground—the bottom of the old moat; perhaps, as the police agent and several of his men were in the house, he might even have attained the fringe of the wood. It was so far distant,—the space intervening from the top of the moat contained many shrubs; in their friendly shadows—

She stole to the corner of the window now and cautiously peered out. The sky was overcast; below, faint markings could just be discerned; beyond, Cimmerian gloom—Strathorn wood.

Had he reached, could he reach it? A cool breeze fanned her cheeks without lessening the flush that burned there; her lips were half-parted. She stepped uncertainly back; a reaction swept over her; the most trival thoughts came to mind. She remembered that she had not locked the door of her boudoir; that Sir Charles had told her to do so. She almost started to obey; but laughed nervously instead. How absurd! What, however, should she do? She looked toward the next room. Go to bed? It seemed the commonplace, natural conclusion, and, after all, life was very commonplace. But the coat and hat she had brought there? Consideration of them, also, came within the scope of the commonplace.

It did not take her long to dispose of them, not on the rack, however. Standing again, a few moments later, at the head of the stairway, in the upper hall, she heard voices approaching. Whereupon she quickly dropped both hat and coat on a chair near-by and fled to her room.

None too soon! From above foosteps were descending; people now passed by; they evidently had been searching the third story. She could hear their low, dissatisfied voices; the last persons to come she at once recognized by their tones.

"You have made a bungling job of it," said Lord Ronsdale. Thre was a suppressed fierce bitterness in his accents, which, however, in the excitement of the moment, the girl failed to notice.

"He had made up his mind not to be taken alive, my Lord."

"Then—" The other interrupted Mr. Gillett harshly, but she failed to catch more of his words.

"We've not lost him, by lord," Mr. Gillett spoke again. "If he's not in the house, he's near it, in the garden, and we have every way guarded."

"Every way guarded!" The girl drew her breath; as they disappeared, the striking of the clock caused her to start. One! two! About four hours of darkness, hardly that long remained for him! And yet she would have supposed it later; it had been after 1 o'clock when she had come to her room.

She became aware of a throbbing in her head, a dull pain, and mechanically seating herself near one of the tables, she put up her hand and started to draw the pins from her hair, but soon desisted. Again she began to think, more clearly this time, more poignantly, of all she had experienced—listened to—that night!

She, a Wray, sprung from a long line of proud, illustrious folk! And he? The breath of the roses outside was wafted upward; her eyes, deep, self-scoffing, rested, without seeing, on a small dark object on a handkerchief on the table. What was it to her if they took him? —What indeed? Her fingers played with the object, closed hard on it. Why should she care if he paid the penalty; he, a self-confessed—

(To Be Continued.)

AGENTS

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The FARMSTEAD

BENEFICIAL AND INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF LIME

By N. A. Clapp.

Of the different essential plant foods lime is as important as any, for plants cannot thrive without it, and yet its real character and benefits (and injuries under some conditions) are not well understood. The commercial fertilizer agents have lauded nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid and have said but little, if anything, about lime, which is equally essential.

On one hand the enthusiastis that are satisfied with riding hobbies take up one thing and praise it with extravagant epithets, forgetting that it is only one of the many elements needed in making plants grow to perfection. Some have taken up lime and sung its praises to such an extent that people who have a just conception of its importance look on with disgust. Others, after having experimented with lime on a small scale, have been disappointed, as they did not know how and where to use it, have condemned it unreservedly as worthless as a food or soil corrector.

Lime contains calcium, one of the primal elements that are essential in plant and animal growth. It is found in lava rock that has been belched forth from the interior of the earth where external influences have acted upon it. Lime is found in feldspar, the most universal of the silicates. Of the structure rocks found on the surface of the earth in America there are three layers, showing that the surface has been submerged beneath the ocean three times and that the limestone forced at the bed of the ocean has each time made up a strata.

If we look down in the abyss of natural life we will see that water is a common carrier of plant and animal foods; that plant and animal forms have drank water charged with lime and lived their cycle of time and perished and become disintegrated and been taken up by subsequent life forms. The animalculae that has made the chalk beds are an example. The accumulation of life forms the crustaceans that carry the combination of lime and oxygen in their shells, the vertebrates that have bones which are made of lime and oxygen make up the mass that form the phosphate rock that are the graveyards of perhistoric ages. This phosphate rock is the source from which phosphorus, one of the essential plant foods that aids the plant at several stages of its growths and in maturing seeds.

If we dry plants and burn them we have in the ashes what is called the metallic elements that are essential to plant formation and among those elements we find lime in the lead. In many cases there are several times as much lime as potash. One authority (H. H. Dow) says he has found ten times as much lime as potash in the ash of plants. This must have been an unusual case.

If we put in 13 small pots (as there are 13 elements called plant food) sand that contains moisture in which there is no trace of plant food and put in each pot all the essential elements but one, leaving out one from each pot in regular order, and then plant some seeds and watch results, we would see which are essential and which are not. We would find that the plants would thrive without soda, chlorine and silica, but would not thrive without nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, calcium, potash, phosphorus, magnesium, iron and sulphur, the 10 essential elements that constitute the food for plants.

Lime has a direct influence on plants. Together with potash it helps to stiffen the stalk and make it rigid enough to stand while growing. It has a neutralizing influence, making harmless oxalic acid that is formed in plants.

Some tell us that there is lime enough in the soil and there is no need of adding more than nature placed there. Such people are mistaken. Nature's processes are irregular. In some places it is abundant and in others there is a pronounced lack of it.

On light, sandy lands there is generally a lack of lime. After aplying lime to light soils it becomes more compact, holding moisture longer than before the application was made. Lime applied to heavy clay benefits it by making it looser and more porous. In my own experience I have had remarkable results by the application of lime to hard clay in composited muck and manure.

All sour soils are benefited by the application of lime. Cold soils are made warmer and acid soils are made sweeter. Soggy soils, after being underdrained, can be made friable and sweet by applying lime.

Clover is one of the best indications of an acid soil we have. If the soil is fertile and clover makes a sickly growth, it is a sure indication that the soil is too acid. After lime has been applied to sour soils clover responds to its beneficial influence very quickly.

If one has a sour patch of land let them plow under some barnyard manure, sow some lime on the surface and work it into the soil, sow some clover seed and cover it lightly and watch to see it grow. One experiment will convince one of the needs of the crop.

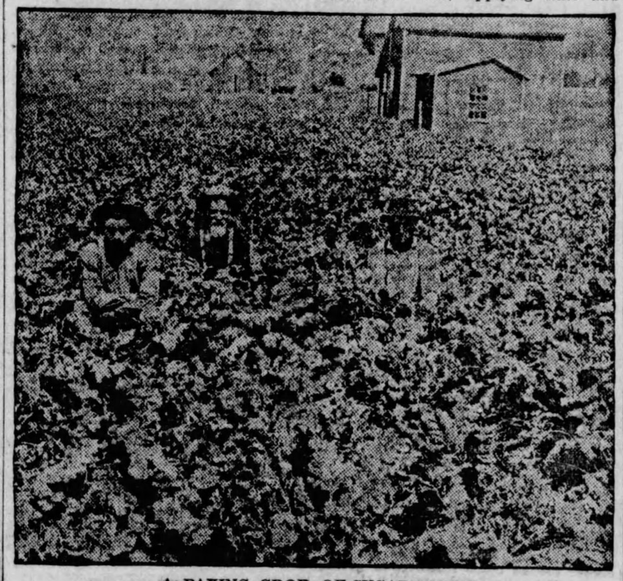
One point is often overlooked; lime warms the soil, hastens the disintegration of the vegetable matter and makes the plant food already in the soil available. If one wishes to get the benefit of a coat of barnyard manure plowed under lime will help very readily.

Many who have not been successful in their efforts to get a catch of alfalfa have found that by plowing under a coat of manure, working the land down well, applying lime and working it in well before the seed is sown, have attained very excellent results.

From what I have said as to the effects obtained by the use of lime it can be seen that possible injuries may result from the improper use of it. As some may not see what arise under certain conditions, I will offer some hints of caution.

Lime hastens disintegration or decay and will release nitrogen. Therefore do not apply it to manure above the ground. Do not use it in the stables, as an absorbent, for it will release the ammonia and cause a waste of valuable plant food. Do not use it as a deodorizer, where it will come in contact with manure, if you wish to retain the nitrogen, the costliest of plant foods.

Lime applied to land repeatedly, without adding something to keep up the supply of humus in the soil will hasten the decay of what humus there is and cause soil exhaustion quicker than if the lime had not been used. A forceful illustration of this fact is shown in the condition of the soil in some of the southern states where tobacco was grown continuously for many years. The planters applied lime, which made a rank growth of the crops while the humus lasted, but after it was exhausted the soil became absolutely barren. Now soil building is the problem before those who desire to raise crops on those exhausted fields.



A PAYING CROP OF SUGAR BEETS.

The growing of sugar beets is not generally considered a very profitable crop in the corn-belt states. However, the above shows what was done in Lake county, Illinois, located in the northern part of the state. Three acres in this patch.

FEEDS FOR PIGS

T. I. Mairs and S. W. Doty, of Pennsylvania, arrived at the following conclusions after an experiment on the feeding of pigs, using white middlings, as compared to corn chops and tankage:

1. Pigs on a ration of middlings alone make better use of their feed at first than those on a ration of corn chop and tankage, but later the exact reverse was the case.

2. The pigs on the exclusive middlings ration were not as active and healthy as those on corn chop and tankage, neither did the former eat with the relish that the latter did.

3. Pigs on corn shop and tankage (three to one) made much better growth and development throughout the experiment. The three pigs on middlings made only a total gain of 337.5 pounds, while those on corn chop and tankage gained a total of 448.5 pounds.

4. Neither ration proved very profitable for growing and fattening pigs. The corn chop and tankage had a slight advantage in cost per pound of grain. With corn chop at an average price the latter ration could be used to good advantage. Middlings, however, when fed alone, proved to be an undesirable, unappetizing and unprofitable ration when fed any length of time.

5. The hogs fed corn chop and tankage dressed out a noticeably better percentage.

6. The dressed carcasses showed no appreciable difference as to the relative proportion of lean to fat or as to condition of either.

7. Probably the one chief feature brought out in the test was the ability of the pigs on corn chop and tankage to consume larger quantities of feed with a relish and make much better growth and development in every way.

Pork, as well as beef or mutton, can be produced profitably or unprofitably; which will it be, leaving out of consideration the individual, depends almost entirely upon the feed used and the care and management of the feeder. Besides the production of pork economically another important consideration to the producer is the influence of the feed upon the product. Different feeds have different effects upon the condition of the carcass. It has been found that food is one of the important factors in determining the firmness or softness of the flesh and fat of pork.

Corn, as is well known, has always been the standard food for hogs. It has been the basis of a majority of rations for growing and fattening swine, and in some sections of the country often makes up the whole ration. This, however, has been found unprofitable and would be especially so with corn at the present price. Aside from this corn alone is too fattening a food for growing pigs, and it is necessary to supplement it with some one or more of our many feeds rich in protein in order to bring about growth and bone development. Of these highly nitrogenous feeds tankage has been found to be one of the best for balancing up the swine ration and is rapidly gaining in favor with the pork producer. Middlings is another important feed to be considered by the swine grower. In fact it has come to have an unsurpassed reputation for hog feeding, especially for young animals in the early stage of fattening. The Wisconsin experiment station has done some work in the way of comparing corn and middlings. It was found that when the two were used together in the same ration gains were produced 20 per cent more economically than with middlings alone, and also that middlings were a more profitable feed than corn when fed alone. It is usually the case that when feeds are combined properly they make a more palatable feed and one that can be fed with the least waste of material and energy and produce the best effects upon the carcass. This is the problem the producer has to face.

"Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes; I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone."

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."—Sketch.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Our hens have vicious spells, when they pick young chickens that are about one-fourth grown. Many of the young chickens are killed in this way. Will some one tell the cause and suggestive a way to stop the trouble?—K., Westfield, Pa.

Will some one give, through the Farmstead, a recipe for making apple wine? Also one for scuppernong grape wine?—S., Jennings, N. C.

I would like to know if it is possible to grow plums from seed and how to do it. Who will tell?—H., Trimble, Va.

One corner of my meadow has became infected with wild onions. I have had them pulled up and the ground sprinkled freely with coarse salt. I was told this would kill them, but the onions are gradually spreading. Will some one tell me, through the Farmstead, what to do?—W., Jeffersonville, Ind.

What can be done for a cat's sore eyes? We have a cat about half grown that is badly afflicted, and I would like to do something to relieve its suffering. Who will answer?—C., Bennett's Switch, Ind.

I have a cow that is a hard milker in one teat. The others are all right. Somebody please tell me what to do.—M., Rangely, Me.

Do any of the Farmstead readers know of a way to purify lard that was tainted before rendering? I have about 50 pounds that lay over night, I not being able to take care of it.—W., Huntington, W. Va.

Somebody please give me a remedy for ringbone. I have a horse with one that is just coming on the hind foot.—A., Madison, Ind.

GREEN CABBAGE WORMS

Redding, Iowa, writes to know how to keep green worms on the cabbage. We sprinkle the cabbages with bran. We sprinkled three times, once after the rain had washed it off. It is simple and easy, and puts an end to the small butterfly that is responsible for the worms. Try it. —J., Assumption, Ill.

CUCUMBER PICKLES

Mrs. F., Crabtree, Ore.—To make cucumber pickles put a layer of cucumbers in a jar and salt them lightly, then a layer of cabbage leaves, and so on, until the jar is full. Put a cloth and a pressboard on and set in the sun for a few days. Then you will have fine pickles.—Mrs. M., Manchester.

PRUNING TOMATOES

Editor Farmstead—Somebody asked, through your columns, for a method of pruning tomatoes. Here is the way I do it: When I think the vines are getting too large for the tomatoes to grow good, or they are being shaded too much, I clip off the ends. The tomatoes will grow faster. Late in the fall, when there is danger of frost, try this: Pull the vines and hang them on the fence or on a building, where the sun will shine on them. Another way is to turn them over on the ground.—C., Walkerville, Mich.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET

H., Iveydale, W. Va.—This is one good way to keep cider sweet: Put it in a granite or copper kettle and let it come to a boil, then skim and bottle while hot. It will keep two years. —Mrs. M., Manchester.

MUST EAT PROTEIN OR DIE

In food protein is the most important; every living animal must eat protein in some form or die. Besides being absolutely necessary, the thing which makes protein important is its scarcity. The characteristic thing about protein is that it is one-sixteenth nitrogen. Now nitrogen is one of the scarcest and most necessary elements of food either for plants or animals. Because it is so scarce and because all animals must have it or die, protein is much more expensive than the other four food compounds. The chief reason why we buy such feeds as bran, oilmeal and cotton seed meal is for their protein. Now bran usually costs $20 to $25 a ton, and as it contains about 12 per cent of digestible protein, there are 260 pounds in a ton of bran. If we buy bran for its protein (and that is the constituent which gives bran its chief value), we are paying nearly 10 cents a pound for protein. Protein is used especially to build up tissues and muscles, and also to help produce milk. For this reason young and growing animals, anmals at hard work, and pregnant or milk-giving animals need an abundant of protein. This is one of the fundamental principles of feeding. We can buy protein in such foods as bran, oilmeal, cotton seed meal and tankage.

Simpkins always was soft-headed, and when it devolved upon him to break gently the news of Jones' drowning to the bereaved Mrs. Jones, it cost him much paper, ink and perspiration before he sent the following:

"Dear Mrs. Jones—Your husband cannot come home today because his bathing suit was washed away."

Two Classes.

Rube—"Where's yer boy, naow?"

Josh—"He's in New York."

Rube—"Which side's he on, by the time?"

Josh—"What d'yer mean?"

Rube—"Is he sellin' gold bricks a'ready or buyin' 'em yet?"

The Menu Card.

Guest—"I'll take some o' that."

Waiter—"Some o' which, boss?"

Guest—"Some o' that there. Can't you read?"

Waiter—"Scuse me, suh. I ain't had no education, neither!"

Pop Doesn't Count.

"Whose baby?"

"My wife's."

"Well, isn't it just as much yours as hers?"

"Gosh, no! We're living with her folks!"

Editor—"Have you got that poem on the politicaly situation ready yet?"

Distracted Tame Poet—"Not quite yet. But I got the rhymes fixed and I've only got to fill in the lines."—Scraps.

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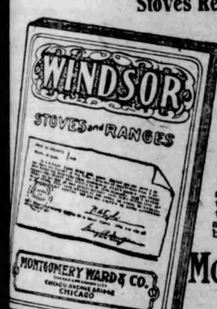

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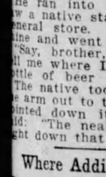

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A Message to MEN
Manly Vigor Given by Mexican Ambrosia Balm or no pay. Restores development, health and vitality. Large box $1.00, 3 boxes $2.50. Generous sample sealed 20cts. Wentworth Co., Dept. C, 116 Nassau St., New York.

A Dry Occasion.

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Brook, Ind., where George Ade practices gentleman farming, is right in the middle of the teetotal belt of Indiana.

Last summer, on one broiling hot day, a man came along in an automobile, having just patched up a puncture outside of Brook.

He ran into the little village and saw a native standing in front of the general store. He stopped his machine and went up to the native.

"Say, brother," he said, "will you tell me where I can get a good, cold bottle of beer around here?"

The native took the automobilist by the arm out to the middle of the road, pointed down its dusty length, and said: "The nearest place is 50 miles right down that road."

Where Addison Was Married.

Westminster Gazette.

St. Edmund's, Lombard street, the rectory of which is vacated by the death of omniscient Canon Benham, had previously possessed literary associations. The register records the marriage of Joseph Addison to the Bowager Countess of Warwick on August 9, 1716. Dr. Johnson grimly remarks that this match rebuked the marriages in which a subject gave his daughter a man to be her slave; and Addison used to escape from the uncomfortable splendor of Holland House to a coffee house at Kensington.

LET ME TELL
Your Fortune Free

It is very important that you should know it, and I can give YOU this knowledge WITHOUT COST. I will send you a horoscope which may point out what the future may have in store for you, what to do to obtain wealth, how to know your lucky days, whether a great love is to come into your life to bless you, what the prospects are for traveling, employment, speculations, how to avoid danger, how to recognize your enemies, how to know your friends, whether marriage and a happy home will be your blessing, warn you against evil influences, what to avoid, and what opportunities to take advantage of.

Shakespeare says, "The stars above us govern our conditions." The Shepherds were guided by a star to the birthplace of our Saviour. The twelve Disciples were each born under a different star. We are each born under a star which guides us. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR STAR IS GUIDING YOU?

The advice and information which I propose to send you FREE will probably assist you in many ways, and mark the turning point in your career. It may bring you love, health, happiness, success, fame and popularity in both business and social life. Astrology is one of the oldest professions in the world. To the marvelous astrological skill of the Ancient Egyptians, I have added the latest scientific knowledge of this wonderful Twentieth Century.

MY PATRONS ARE ALWAYS SATISFIED

I receive many letters of praise daily from those who have received astrological readings from me, and I print below a few testimonials that speak for themselves.

TESTIMONIALS

Dear Mystic: My horoscope received and want to say I am very much pleased with same; in fact, I am delighted with it. You have told me a great many truths about myself that I am going to follow your advice. I only regret very much that I did not know of you sooner, as I think—in fact, I almost believe—that by following your advice I could have saved myself from a great many serious errors in the past; in fact a great deal of misfortune that I and mister could have been spared me. Miss Marguerite Blair, 551 9th Ave., New York City.

Dear Mystic: I am in possession of a Full Life Reading. My only regret is that I did not have someone to give me what is contained in your horoscope years ago, as I am certain my path in life would have been a different road many times, as the advice that you have given me is of great value. Harry R. Sims, 29 Grayeline Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Dear Mystic: I only wish I could find words to express my feeling toward you for sending me the Life Horoscope. I am more than pleased with it. B. J. Watson, 607 South St., Waco, Tex.

Dear Mystic: Received double my money's worth when you sent me the horoscope. William Preston Cramer, Far Hills, N. J.

WRITE ME TODAY. THIS OFFER MAY NEVER APPEAR AGAIN

Write me today, telling me whether you are married or single, telling me the place you were born, also give me the date of your birth, and the year, and I will immediately send you FREE an astrological reading in written form, which will, I believe, contain remarkable and valuable information about yourself.

Write immediately, enclosing two 2-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing the reading, and it will be sent to you FREE OF CHARGE.

PROFESSOR ALTED MYSTIC No. 658 W. 43d Street, New York City, N.Y.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

BATTLE OF MONOCACY

Please give a description of the battle of Monocacy, Maryland.—W. A. D., Lees Creek, O.

The battle of Monocacy was fought on July 9, 1864. It was when the Confederates were advancing upon Washington, and in the battle, General Wallace, commanding 8,000 Union men, was defeated by General Early, with nearly 19,000 Confederates. Wallace ordered Tyler to hold the Baltimore pike on the right, Ricketts the Washington pike on the left, and Wallace himself commanded the center. The Confederates made their first attack on Brown, who was holding the Monocacy bridge. Then they forced a passage of the river and charged upon Ricketts and Tyler. These two leaders defended themselves bravely, though nearly surrounded. The battle continued all day, and Wallace retreated in the evening.

PEARLS

Please give a description of pearls and how they are formed.—A. H. C., Quinton, Va.

Fresh-water pearls are found in many streams and lakes of Asia, Europe and America. The mollusks are very numerous in the Mississippi valley. Many pearls are found in the states of Iowa, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky, but they have been found at periods in other states. An important fresh-water pearl button industry has grown up in the last few years, but the gathering of pearls in fresh water has usually been carried on by farmers in their spare time. The methods which they use have been very wasteful, the mussels being secured by rakes and other awkward implements. The mussels were killed and then examined for pearls, after which they were thrown away. This method is wasteful and is not practiced in Europe, where they have special tools by which the shells may be opened and examined for pearls without any danger to the mussels, which are then thrown back in the water. Fresh-water pearls are especially valued because of the great variety and beauty of their colors and are, like the marine pearls, most likely to be found in shells which are distorted or otherwise imperfect in form and growth. Pearls are formed by foreign bodies being enveloped by the secretion on the inside of the shell.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS

Please tell in what states the marriage of first cousins is prohibited.—M. J. E., Sulphur Springs, Colo.

Marriage between first cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

ANTONIO STRADIVARI

I would like to have the Question Bureau give me an account of the life of Antonio Stradivari.—S. H. G., Elmira, W. Va.

Antonio Stradivari, the Italian violin maker, as born in 1649 and died in 1737. He was the pupil of Nicoli Amati, in whose employment he remained until about 1679, when he began making violins on his own account. He settled the typical pattern of the Cremona violin, and his instruments, for tone and finish, have never yet been excelled. His improvements consisted chiefly in lowering the height of the arch of the belly, in making the four corner blocks more massive, in giving great curvature to the middle ribs, in altering the setting of the sound holes and in making the scroll more massive and prominent. He reached his greatest perfection in his art about 1714. He also made many other kinds of musical instruments, but it is on his violins of all kinds that his fame rests.

THE PLANETS

Please give the names of the eight planets.—H. C. C., Sun Hill, W. Va.

The names of the eight planets of the solar system are Earth, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Neptune, Saturn, Uranus and Venus.

ESPERANTO

Will you please give a short account of the language called Esperanto?—T. R. B., Rumsey, Cal.

The Esperanto language was first published by a Spanish scholar in 1890. It is an artificial language and is composed from different languages. The great advantage of Esperanto is that people of different nationalities can congregate and talk to one another without being versed in all of the languages. It is of great advantage in business as well as the requirements of science and learning. A person possessing an average common school education can acquire the language readily, for it is very simple. After one has studied several months he can converse readily in it, something that cannot be done with the present languages. There are many clubs and classes formed for the study of Esperanto, scattered throughout the United States. It is believed by some that Esperanto will be spoken by the majority of people at some time in the future.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Please give a short biography of Booker T. Washington.—H. J., Rockbridge, Wis.

Booker Taliaferro Washington, the American negro educator, was born near Hale's Ford, Franklin county, Va., about 1858. After the civil war he went to Malden, W. Va., where he worked, first in a salt furnace and afterward in a coal mine. He obtained some education at the night school there. He entered the Hampton Normal and Agricultural institute in 1872, studying there three years. He then taught school for two years at Malden, afterward entering the Wayland seminary, at Washington, D. C., for further study. In 1879 he was made an instructor at Hampton. He had charge of the work of the Indian pupils, then being experimentally introduced into the institution, and established the night school as a regular and successful feature of the institute. The citizens of Tuskegee, Ala., applied to Gen. S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, to start at that place an institution on the plan of Hampton. In 1881 Washington was selected by Armstrong for the purpose of starting the institution. The state legislature had granted an appropriation for the annual payment of the teachers' salaries, but the school existed in name only, being without land, buildings or credit. Washington, with himself as the only instructor, opened the school with an enrollment of 30 in an old church and shanty. Later he purchased a plantation about a mile from Tuskegee and removed the school thither to its present site. In 1902 the institution had 112 officers and instructors, 1,384 students and an income of $341,000. Its development is generally due to Washington. Washington is well known as a forceful public speaker.

GRAVES-CILLEY DUEL

I would like to have the Question Bureau give the cause and account of the duel between Jonathan Cilley and William J. Graves.—R. W. A., Irvington, Ia.

Jonathan Cilley was born in Nottingham, N. H., in 1802. He became a lawyer and entered political life in Maine. From 1832 to 1837 he was the leader of the Democratic party in the Maine legislature. In the latter year he was elected to congress as a Van Buren Democrat. William Jordan Graves was a lawyer, born in Newcastle, Ky., in 1805; died in Louisville, Ky., in 1848. He served in the national house of representatives from 1835 to 1841, he being a Whig in politics.

In 1838 Mr. Cilley delivered a speech in the house of representatives in which he sharply criticised a charge of corruption brought against some unmarried congressman, who was not named, in a letter published in the New York Courier and Enquirer, over the signature, "A Spy in Washington," which was approved in the editorial columns of that paper. The editor, Gen. James Watson Webb, went at once to Washington and sent a challenge to Cilley by Graves, whom he had asked to be his second. Cilley refused to receive the challenge, on the ground that he had made no reflections on the personal character of Gen. Webb. Graves himself then challenged Cilley, who accepted his challenge. The duel was fought February 24, 1838, near Bladensburg, Maryland, rifles being the weapons used. Mr. Cilley fell at the third fire, shot through the body, and died instantly. Graves was never re-elected to congress. The house appointed a committee of seven members to investigate the affair, which reported that Mr. Graves deserved "the decided censure of the house, and that he should be censured accordingly." That was all that was ever done in the matter.

NATURAL GAS

Please tell what you can about natural gas and where it is found.—L. A. W., Boston, N. Y.

Natural gas is associated with petroleum. The gas and petroleum occur on the tops or over the tops of anticlinal folds, the porous rock or "sand" that contains the oil and gas being sealed by an overlying stratum of impervious clay or shale. In these arched and rock-sealed reservoirs, the gas occupies the higher portions, while the petroleum lies below, and farther down yet is salt water. The gas is under such great pressure that when the rock seal is pierced by a drill the imprisoned gas escapes with a deafening roar. In deep wells of about 3,000 feet in new fields the initial pressures are often over 1,000 pounds per square inch, and drilling tools weighing over 1,000 pounds have been blown clear out of the hole.

Natural gas is found in rocks of all geologic ages from the Ordovician to the Tertiary. The principal gas fields which supply 95 per cent of all that is produced in the United States in North America extend along the western slope of the Appalachian mountains, from central New York to Tennessee, and along the great rock arch of early Silurian age, that extends from Lake Erie to Kentucky.

LABOR DAY

Please tell why Labor Day is celebrated.—R. W., Van Horne, Ia.

Labor Day is celebrated on the first Monday in September, and is a legal holiday in all the states and territories except Arizona, Mississippi, Nevada, North Dakota and Louisiana. The celebration of the day was originated by the Knights of Labor, who held a parade in New York in 1882 and again in 1884, when resolutions were passed to hold all parades on that day. The workingmen of all organizations then began agitation to have the day made a legal holiday and in 1887 the first law to that effect was passed in Colorado. In Europe the celebration of the first of May as Labor Day was begun in 1890 with a demonstration in favor of the eight hour day. It was at that time and for a few years later much feared and violently opposed by the various governments, and there were many clashes between the police and soldiers and the workingmen. It is now usually celebrated without trouble by parades, large meetings and general cessation of work.

GARIBALDI

Will The Blade give a short biography of Garibaldi in these columns.—H. J., Detroit, Ill.

Guiseppe Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, was born at Nice in 1807. He became a mariner like his father, and finally became engaged in a South American revolution. Here he married a Brazilian wife who loyally followed him through his adventurous career. In 1834, having taken part in a futile revolutionary outbreak at Genoa, he fled to France. In 1848 war broke out between Austria and the liberals of Italy, and he hastened to aid the latter. There he distinguished himself in the defense of Rome. The liberal forces were finally defeated and Garibaldi fled. So many hardships were endured that his wife died of exhaustion. He finally reached safety in Sardinia. In 1850 he was banished, came to New York and worked at candle-making until he could resume his seafaring life. Early in 1860 an insurrection broke out in Sicily, and Garibaldi joined the insurgents. Sicily then belonged to the kingdom of Naples. He drove the Neapolitans out of Sicily, crossed to the main land, and captured Naples, the capital. The kingdom of Naples was then annexed to that of Victor Emmanuel, who had become king of Italy. In 1867, Garibaldi organized an invasion of the States of Church, ruled by the Pope of Rome, in order to complete the unification of Italy. He was defeated and banished to the island of Caprera. He went in 1870 to fight for the French republic in the Franco-Prussian war. He entered the Italian parliament in 1865. He died in 1882.

LURAY CAVE

Please give a description of Luray Cave.—W. T. J., Greensboro, N. C.

Luray Cave is located in Page county, Virginia. It was discovered by Andrew J. Campbell and some companions in August, 1878. The cave is in the limestone belt of the Shenandoah Valley, on the western side of the Blue Ridge, and extends under the low spurs of some of the mountains. The area of the cave which has been explored underlies about 100 acres. Electric lights have been put in and enables one to see the numerous stalactities, the tiers of galleries, nearly 3,000 feet in height, the various rooms or cavities, the colors from white to yellow, brown and red, and the marks which indicate the action of the water for ages. Many of the columns are over 50 feet in height, and are hollow; when struck they give out bell-like notes. The cave is annually visited by many people.

MURILLO

Can you give a short sketch of the life of Murillo, the artist?—G. G. H., Cuba, Kan.

Bartolome Esteban Murillo, the Spanish painter, was born in Seville in 1617, and died there in 1682. At an early age he entered the studio of his uncle, Juan de Castillo. To procure means to enable him to study in Madrid, he painted pictures from the colonial market, which were distributed throughout the Spanish American possessions. Hence there are many Murillos in churches and monasteries in America, but none of great artistic value. He went to Madrid in 1639, where he studied under Velasquez. In 1648 he married a lady of wealth and rank. In 1660, in conjunction with two other painters, he founded an academy of art in Seville, of which he was president until his death. His pictures are distributed in galleries throughout Europe.

SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD

Please give the names of the seven wonders of the world.—W. D., Carterville, Ill.

The seven wonders of the world are remarkable for their splendor and magnitude. They are the pyramids of Egypt, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos or lighthouse of Alexandria.

MUSHROOMS

I would like to have you tell, if you can, how to differentiate between mushrooms, toadstools and other similar poisonous plants.—M. N. H., New Preston, Conn.

As they are several kinds of poisonous fungi which very closely resemble the eatable mushrooms, no one should venture to make use of an unfamiliar variety. It is claimed that a reliable test for distinguishing the eatable varieties from the poisonous is to sprinkle salt on the spongy part, which will turn yellow if a poisonous growth. The eatable variety is pink underneath and white on top, and the skin will peel off easily, but it sticks to the poisonous ones; and the smell and taste of the good ones are not rank. Some make the test by stirring with a silver spoon, which will assume a dark tinge if they are unfit to eat. The old negro cooks of the south were always suspicious of the true nature of the mushroom stew until assured of its harmless qualities by dropping a peeled white onion into the saucepan, which turned black if any poisonous fungi were present.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. C., Litchfield, Mich.: It would take too much space to answer your question in these columns.

W. W., Union City, Pa.: Go to some photographer versed with technical knowledge to obtain the answer to your question.

L. V. A., Sears, Mich.: We know of no such places as you mention.

C. O. R., Withers, W. Va.: It is against the rules of these columns to answer more than one question.

"A Chance to Make Money"

Kindly publish the following statement again: I believe any man or woman can make a fortune in a few years in the South, where the soil is adapted to the production of Oranges, Figs, Pecans, Strawberries and winter vegetables. A number of Northern people, without experience, have gone there and made from $200 to $1,000 per acre by intensive cultivation. The land will grow three crops per year and can be purchased on monthly payments. The Eubank Farms Company, Block 417, Pittsburg, Pa., will send you booklet and will give you some stock in an orange grove free. Write them for information, to above address.—M. Joseph.

A Soothing Sentence.

When you have read the headlines through
Which tell about an accident
Your feelings are uncommon blue
And life seems full of discontent
Until you read the tardy phrase
Appended by the scribe alert;
How joyously it meets your gaze—
"Nobody seriously hurt."

'Tis fortunate, you must agree,
That in 'most every affair
The line we so delight to see
Is written or suggested there.
The auto and the street car meet,
Explosives high their strength assert;
Then come these words serenely sweet—
"Nobody seriously hurt."

The fruit crop fails, the trusts grow strong,
The comet flares across the sky,
The voice of protest shows how wrong
Are half the arts that people ply;
The umpire holds the mob at bay,
The summer girl is still a flirt,
And yet the old world goes its way—
Nobody seriously hurt.

—Washington Star.

Teaches Farm-Folk to Cook

THE summer after I finished my course in domestic science I not only cleared all my expenses but saved in the neighborhood of $200 by going from house to house and village to village and giving lessons," declared Miss Mary Gannon, of Utica, N. Y. "You see I couldn't afford to rest because my course had consumed all my money.

"After applying for all sorts of positions in summer hotels and boarding houses I hit on the idea of teaching farmer's wives. My first plan was to get up classes in some public building of various villages. I wasted two long months at this and at the end of that time had only succeeded in interesting half a dozen women or so. One of these offered the suggestion that I come to her village and make a personal canvass. She said she would lend me her horse and buggy when the distance was too great for me to walk and would give me my room and board free for lessons.

"After investing more than half of my few remaining dollars in an outfit for demonstration, including an alcohol stove, I set out for that woman's home a few days after college closed. I began my house to house canvass the very hour of my arrival by calling on my adviser's nearest neighbors. I visited just one dozen homes that same day and succeeded in getting a conditional promise of one pupil.

"After a second day of almost as fruitless work I determined to go into the country and try the farmers' wives. Packing my outfit in the bottom of the buggy I set out, driven by my hostess. At nearly every house where we stopped both the men and the women showed an interest. Though few of them appeared to be willing to come into the village to attend class meetings most of them wanted me to arrange to teach a class in their own kitchen or in that of some of their near neighbors.

"At the end of three days driving about in that buggy I had got up one class, with good prospects of one more. Each class was to comprise six members, to whom I was to give twelve lessons at the rate of $3 for each member. Only $2 was to be paid me by each member, as each one engaged to board and house me and the horse for three days, or while I was giving the lessons in her kitchen. This arrangement was suggested by one of the farmer's wives, who explained that though she was willing to go to her neighbors for lessons she wanted to see how I would manage in her own kitchen. In other words she wanted me to use her own implements and ingredients. This proved to be a popular arrangement.

"Of course I was willing enough to have the living expenses of myself and my horse rated at $1 for three days and when an old farmer offered me his horse and wagon on condition that I give his wife and married daughter lessons free I accepted that also. The board was about as good as at any summer hotel I have ever stopped and in many cases very much better. As I always stipulated that I was to have a room to myself I experienced no discomfort in that respect.

"When the cooking was poor of course that was my opportunity. As I came among them as a teacher of cooking, with a full diploma, they were all willing enough to learn of me. Indeed I often found them depending too much on me in that one particular.

"It seems to be an idea of the general public that ignorance in feeding babies is limited to the women of the tenement house district. I found out that summer how erroneous such an idea is. I never saw so much good material badly treated in all my tenement house experience as I did in the homes of those farmers that summer.

"I found in nine cases out of ten that the women expected me to teach them how to make new dishes. In some instances to get them even to listen to my talks about food values I had first to satisfy their desire to be taught how to make a cake or a pie they had read about. Once they were convinced that I could really cook they were more willing to listen to suggestions about the preparation of dishes to which they were accustomed.

"I never had to canvass for pupils after I really began my first class. When a woman would come or send word to me that she wanted to take lessons of me I would reply by asking her to get five other women to join the class. All that summer I was kept busy, travelling from house to house, generally moving into new quarters every three days.

"One of my pupils reported an experience of teaching forty classes during one summer. Only one of the forty had three pupils, thirty-five had two pupils, while the balance were made up of one pupil each. That girl cleared nearly $100 besides having her expenses paid for the entire summer. Her charges were $2 with board and lodging for herself and her horse for the course of twelve lessons."

COUNTRY JAPAN IS ANNEXING

THE latest news from Korea indicates that the formal annexation of that country to the Japanese empire is about to take place. The date, however, matters little. The end of even a pretense of Korean independence has been only a question of time since the victories of Japanese armies and fleets determined the result of the Russian war.

That triumph of the islanders settled the fate of Korea. The world powers recognized the strength of the Japanese claim to complete domination in the country over which the war had been fought, in no small degree, and the Treaty of Portsmouth left the Hermit kingdom under Japanese "protection." Everywhere it was perceived that Korea was to be made as Japanese as possible.

Then began the more rigorous campaign intended to break the spirit of the Koreans, the first having been confined chiefly to the royal court, the Korean capital and two or three other strategic points, before the Japanese war with Russia. Every outbreak of Korean hatred of the Japanese masters of their country was met with savage repression, and soon there were few Koreans left with enough spirit to strike a blow at Japanese power.

Now Korea is so accustomed to seeing the Japanese in full control of the kingdom about to pass out of existence as a state preserving even the forms of independence, that they make no resistance. Their feeling is not changed. They hate the Japanese and would gladly expel them if they could, but the spirit of Korea is broken. Japan is too strong to be fought.

The world will not care how soon Japan throws off the mask in respect to the peninsula which the islanders have long been determined to possess. The powers are not sentimental. Korea does not interest them greatly, and Japan is both mighty and unyielding.

Korea is much in need of radical changes and there was not much hope of anything like transformation of the government of the country or of the customs and habits of the people, or of adapting Korean conditions to modern affairs, unless the peninsula passed from feeble independence into strong hands and was dealt with masterfully.

Japan is doing this. Japanese edicts are executed. So are rebels against Japanese authority. Korean transportation lines and Korean industries become more and more colored by the Japanese domination of the land.

And Japanese government in Korea has an easy task in making great advances over the state of things found there when Japanese civil agents and Japanese armies and fleets came and Korean independence, such as it was, faced its doom. Korea was very poor, though there would be much wealth if the resources of the country were well developed and utilized. It had little trade, in comparison with other states which are crowded terribly, from the Korean viewpoint, and now there are few parts of the earth equally accessible and well worth developing, which are so backward.

So Japan is not unwelcome to foreigners as the open and acknowledged master of Korea. In seeking to further Japanese interests the cause of civilization will be advanced. The government will be more stable. There will be more commerce, better facilities for all of the ordinary business and friendly activities of civilized life.

The swallowing process has been very curious. It has gone on step by step, legally—through treaties and conventions forced upon the helpless Korean government—and in practical affairs.

In February, 1904, the Korean government agreed to accept Japanese advice with respect to administrative improvements, in consideration of a Japanese guarantee of Korean independence. In November, 1905, Japan was given control and direction of the foreign relations of Korea. A Japanese "Resident-General" was established in Seoul. In July, 1907, Korea agreed that all high appointments to office and all administrative measures should be referred to this Japanese representative. Japanese subjects were made eligible to government places in Korea. Two years later, in July, 1909, Japan was granted control and administration of justice and the prisons.

It will be seen that little remained of the real independence of a country about twice the size of Ohio and containing probably 10,000,000 inhabitants. Some estimates have run as high as 20,000,000. The Japanese will soon know just how many there are to be Japanned. Weakness gives way to strength. Korea will become a factor in making the great Japanese empire still greater.

MILO A GOOD CROP

The campaign being conducted by the Colorado agricultural college in an effort to get milo generally grown as a feed crop on the plains of the state has called forth a great deal of inquiry concerning this crop.

Milo belongs to the family of plants called sorghums. The sorghums are divided into two large groups—the sweet or saccharin sorghums and the nonsaccharin sorghums. These differ chiefly in sugar content and yield of seed. The sap of the saccharine sorghums is sweet and the nonsaccharine sorghums have no sugar in the sap. Milo belongs to the nonsaccharine group of sorghums. It resembles Kaffir very much in appearance and habits of growth, which is quite natural, considering it is a close relative of Kaffir. It is frequently called milo maize, but this name is incorrect, as it is not a maize.

Milo grows erect, with thick, short-jointed stalks, attaining an average height of from four to seven feet. The grain is borne in heads at the top of the stalks. These heads reach a considerable size and are relatively short and compact. Where the stand is thin, the heads get very large and turn downward by their own weight. With thicker stands the heads are smaller and stand erect. —Alvin Keyser, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.

A FEW POULTRY TIPS

Keeping down the lice helps the egg yield.

Avoid sloppy feed for the chicks.

Milk is one of the best egg foods.

Lice and chickens will not thrive together.

Change the material in the nest occasionally.

Best layers are generally indifferent table fowls.

Eggs for hatching should be uniform in size and shape.

Good feed and plenty of it is one of the medicines for the fowls.

Wet weather and dampness mean death to young turkeys.

Keep after the lice and mites in the nests, coops and roosts.

The trap nest will enable you to get acquainted with your hens.

Lard and coal oil will kill the large head louse on young chicks.

Eggs have a tendency to grow smaller as the laying season advances.

Small eggs are generally the product of hens that lay the most eggs.

The sex of future chicks cannot be determined by examining the eggs.

Ducks will thrive on a ration of cornmeal, wheat, bran and beef scraps.

"This boy," said the proud mother to a neighbor, "do grow more like his father every day."

And the neighbor, knowing the father, asked:

"Do he now? And have you tried everything?"—Punch.

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Curious International Trade Facts

ABOUT 4,500,000 silk handkerchiefs are sold by the Japanese to America every year, but the paper napkins number about a billion.

A company financed and managed by Americans, which manufactures rattan and fiber furniture, in Hongkong, using Chinese labor, sells its products in all parts of the world and runs night and day to meet its orders.

Peanuts and peanut oil are imported for the American market from countries as distant from one another as Japan and Spain, West Africa and Holland. The big home crop is not nearly enough.

Japan sends about 50,000 pounds of coral to Italy, every year, and most of it is re-exported from the latter country, in large part to countries which are nearer Japan than Italy is.

Canadian exporters have always sold much fish in the West Indies, though there is every opportunity for making the West Indian fisheries among the greatest in the world.

South Africa does more than South America, in the same latitude, in supplying American markets with fresh fruits, such as plums, peaches and pears, when it is winter in the United States and summer south of the equator.

Palestine furnishes a large part of the oranges consumed in Great Britain in late winter and early spring, and the quality of this fruit, grown not far from Jerusalem, is much praised.

The names "Mocha" and "Java," in the coffee trade, have come to have a conventional instead of a geographical meaning. They describe the coffee so designated rather than tell from what sources it is deprived. South America and Central America, as a matter of fact, supply nearly all of the coffee sold in the United States.

Great Britain still exports a great number of bicycles, but lags behind in the foreign markets for automobiles. In the latter field the United States has a very strong position. It promises soon to be much improved.

Japan is making much beer and selling a good deal of it in China and Korea, especially the latter country. Americans in the Philippines drink not a little mineral water from Japan.

Sometimes a country's prominence in certain branches of its export trade may be discreditable, though the products sold to foreigners are useful and in no sense harmful. A noted Russian bristles were especially good because the Russian swine were so poor and ill-kept that they retained something like the wild boar's coat of hair.

Much of the ivory shipped from equatorial Africa was grown by elephants long since dead. It is the accumulation of years far past.

In the international trade of the world the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea stand first in olives and olive oil, figs, grapes, wine, oranges, lemons, and flower essences—an interesting group of commodities, though not of the most vital kind.

One of the finest features of the export trade of the United States is the heavy sale of machines built to make things with in foreign shops, mills and factories.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to instruct, even our friends.—Colton.

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—Brooks.

Talents are nurtured best in solitude, But character on life's tempestuous sea—Goethe.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—Sir Phillip Sidney.

I am not sure but that we are more in need of those who can talk about religion than those who can preach about it.—James Stalker.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him.—Lowell.

Carve the face within, not dress it from without. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul; the face catches the glow only from that side.—W. C. Gannett.

Officers Must Wear Mustache.

London Daily Mail.

Some of the cavalry subalterns at Aldershot are smitten in a tender place by the enforcement of the order that all officers must wear a mustache. The regulation on the subject is explicit and dates from the time of Queen Victoria. It reads as follows:

"The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and underlip will be shaved, but not the upper lip. Whiskers if worn will be a moderate length."

The fad for shaving the upper lip is a specialty of cavalry subalterns who wish to distinguish themselves from their comrades of other branches of the service. Field Marshal Lord Grenfell had to issue an order calling attention to the regulation when he was in command in Ireland.

The regulation aims entirely at maintaining a smart appearance, and dates from shortly after the Crimean war, when Queen Victoria objected to her soldiers wearing beards. In the navy the rule is that an officer must be either clean shaven or wear "a full set."

The Reason.

Mexican Herald.

Tourist—I must confess that I can't see why so many people want to come here—no scenery, no amusements, no good things to eat, absolutely no attractions.

Inkeeper—Ah, signor, say come because we 'ave se gr-ran' label to stick on so luggage.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1910.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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Modern enterprise has made buying easy for newspaper readers. The up-to-date merchant has given special study to the art of getting his wares before the newspaper reading public. He has made it possible for the prospective purchaser to select what he wants with a minimum of bother and a maximum of satisfaction. The person who reads the advertisements has an advantage over the neighbor who neglects this important feature of the modern newspaper. The reader who sees something in the advertising columns of The Blade that appeals to him should lose no time in writing to the advertiser. Delay may result in a good thing getting away.

Four notable stickers: Ballinger, Uncle Joe, Abruzzi and fly paper.

"Mr. Rockefeller finds it hard to give," says a headline. And it looks so easy.

If Mr. Roosevelt ever becomes a farmer the cows will have to march home on time.

This year's peach crop is one of the largest and prettiest that ever failed in the spring.

Massachusetts suffragists are to conduct a campaign from balloons. Look out below!

A determination to practice what we preach keeps us from doing too much preaching.

Mr. Roosevelt's address to the Chinese students ought just about complete their education.

Workmen who sell their time to their employers and then kill it are worse than the loafers.

It is easy to see how Indians came to be such great consumers of whisky. They were driven to drink.

"There is a new national anthem in Esperanto." We're going to stick to Yankee Doodle in English.

Men may beat the birds flying, but the birds don't have much trouble with their propeller blades.

A concluding chapter would make the romance of Miss Elkins and the duke much more interesting.

"A woman-hater has been captured by cookies." More than one man-hater has been won by dough.

It is believed the center of population has reached Illinois. Probably on its way to "Kansas of bust."

One southern editor advises Congressman Champ Clark to keep quiet for three months. Why not make it six?

After a man has reached the age of seventy he doesn't think much of the idea that there is no fool like an old fool.

Keeping one eye on three or four states at a time may ruin the vision of some of the politicians of the country.

"Each American eats eighty-two pounds of sugar in a year on an average." That's where some of them get their grit.

Seven hundred and thirty-one million acres of the public domain are left. There is as yet no reason why anyone should feel crowded.

At a rough guess we would say that Secretary Ballinger's favorite poem is the one about the boy who stood on the burning deck.

A man in Pennsylvania declares that he can eat 80 ears of corn in three hours. He must have reference to what many farmers call hog corn.

There was a time when people had no thermometers. When two or three got together and decided that the weather was hot that settled it.

"Even Prohibitionists," says the Houston Post, "would not relish walking ten miles to get a drink." Of course not. It would be more satisfactory to dig a well.

"A Paris milliner has invented a style where a woman wears two hats at once." Bet something she'll never be able to keep both of them on straight.

It would be difficult to imagine a prettier name than Florence Nightingale, and "the angel of Crimea" gave to it a sweetness that will last through the ages.

A New Jersey church had to close for the summer on account of the mosquitoes. The congregation wasn't versatile enough to swat and sing glory hallelujah at the same time.

An Indiana mule kicked a motorcyclist and his machine across the road the other day. A kicking mule never stops to count a hundred before making up his mind what ought to be done.

It is a matter of poetic history that Freedom, from yonder mountain heights, unfurled her banner to the skies and set the stars in glory there. But that didn't protect the two Georgia negroes who were lynched for talking too much.

OUT FOR AN APPROPRIATION.

Providence, Rhode Island, has mobilized the sum of $20,000 which is to be spent upon visitors to the Atlantic Deeper Waterways association convention, meeting at the end of this month. It is purposed to show the strangers not only that there is something in deep waterways—when used for commercial requirements—but also that Providence is something of a city, sparkling and crimson-hued when there is $20,000 to make away with in four days.

The special aim of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways association is to promote the so-called inland passage from Boston to Key West, that highway discussed more than a century ago by which the dangers of Cape Cod, Cape Hatteras and Point Judith may be laughed at. The digging of the Dismal Swamp canal was a part of the scheme. Here and there along the coast of the Carolinas and Florida some canalization has been done and the work of cutting through the lower part of the arms of Cape Cod is now in progress. The press "dope" of the association is at hand. Its four pages describe the plans with more or less detail, but careful reading and re-reading fail to disclose any admission of the fact that deep water vessels are unfitted for traffic upon canals. It describes the profit of the "Soo" canal, but does not grant that if this canal were of any great length vessels of the present pattern couldn't ply in it and make anything out of freight carrying. Not a word is said of the necessity for speed in all modern transportation, which compels taking risks such as Cape Cod, Hatteras and Point Judith, but many words are used about getting an appropriation out of congress.

An active and informal association having for its purpose the betterment of waterways upon the great lakes could possibly obtain more and higher appropriations—but the association would be in frightfully bad taste. Its appropriations would gain some useful end.

INSURGENCY OF A SORT.

A news dispatch from Beverly, says:

There is a report around Beverly that Representative Nicholas Longworth has developed some near insurgent leanings of late and he, too, it is said, is being criticised about the "new order."

If there is any criticism at Beverly—which we doubt exceedingly—it is rather belated and if it has just been learned that Nicholas Longworth has seen the light of the order that "changeth then the speech of the temporary president of the Ohio Republican convention must have been read while the mind wandered beyond the page. We republish an extract therefrom:

I say that the time has gone by when we can longer insist that congress shall acquire all necessary information in a few months every ten years or so to properly readjust the tariff schedules. And further, that the time has gone by when we ought to continue to treat the tariff as a whole, and not touch one part of it without touching all. * * * The great trouble with the present system is that it is altogether too haphazard. It offers too large opportunities for divergent interests to form combinations and, by the time-honored method of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you," to succeed in securing or maintaining excessive rates of duty; duties which serve no good public purpose.

This is insurgency as seen from the Payne-Aldrich hilltops, yet it is the kind of insurgency which President Taft urged upon congress, the kind for which he pleaded and in turn delivered threats to gain an appropriation for. Nicholas Longworth has developed an independence of thought and action which may be and doubtless is disquieting to patriots of the Wall street brand, but which is meeting with the approbation of the people of Ohio. He entered politics with the distinct disadvantage of the "rich man's son," but his fundamental decency and patriotism have saved him from the too-common fate of men of his class.

There is much ahead for Nicholas Longworth if he pursues his present way. Ohio can use such men as he. And despite the sneers of the standpatters Ohio expects to use him in the years to come.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE.

A young woman in Milwaukee, first of her city to practice with the hobble-skirt, fell at a muddy crossing. A policeman who lifted her to her feet found it necessary to call an ambulance. The young lady's ankle was broken. As she rode to the hospital she declared her intention to master the hobble-skirt if it took all summer and a new set of plaster casts every week.

Noble woman! Wothy offspring of a people who bred a Molly Stark and a Carrie Nation! Ankles may snap and skirts may trip and ambulances go clanging to every slippery crossing in Milwaukee, but the campaign has been mapped and it will be fought out along that line so long as fabrics stand the strain and there are strong-armed policemen handy.

None but the brave deserve the hobble-skirt.

HIGH PRICE AIRMEN.

The promoters of the aviation meets in France having come out at the little end of the horn, are fixing the blame for their losses upon the drivers. It is pointed out that pilots who now demand big sums before they will even start their engines, were once but wage-earners, that the lowly mechanic of another day has the impudence to name his price for a flight up among the thousands of dollars.

It is the way of human nature for those who have money to grieve when others get it also. They highly disapprove of fate for lifting anyone save themselves from poverty to palaces. So runs logic in Easy street. But it should strike the average person that it is in aeronautics that this practice should be least manifest. Surely, if anyone earns money by risk to life and limb, it is those who play with gravitation with canvas wings and gas motors. Scarce a one of them has escaped hurt, and, in the last year sod has been planted upon the graves of several who dared and lost.

Still promoters who lose must find fault with some one—except themselves.

A Missouri convict declares he can do literal equations in the tenth degree. And yet keeping out of prison would seem to be a greater accomplishment.

LACE CURTAINS

To Subscribers Whose Time Expires in September.

We are just mailing to all subscribers whose time expires next month a very liberal proposition for renewal. Having so many times published a description of the lace curtains we offer as premium for clubs of ten, it is not necessary to repeat at this time. Suffice to say they are exactly the same pattern as those we gave last year. We gave last year some 18,000 pairs of these curtains, which means that we received that many clubs of ten subscribers. This year we have contracted for a larger quantity, being confident that all who sent us clubs of ten last year will do so again, and besides, many of those who sent clubs of four last year will give us clubs of ten this year.

PRECEDENTS.

Three centuries and three years ago a small party of adventurers more or less badly described in history, landed upon the coast of Virginia and proceeded to make themselves at home. They took everything in sight which suited their fancy and sighed for a good deal more of other things to seize and plunder. Thirteen years later another expedition, this time made of men and women of cast iron consciences and Portland cement views, landed farther to the north. They, too, took possession as heirs to an estate as by law authorized. In the three centuries since, these high examples have been followed. The Dark and Bloody ground was occupied. Ohio was subdued, Missouri depopulated of aborigines, Montana staked off, Washington and California settled with dispatch and such straight shooting as was necessary to convince the natives that that which was theirs was nothing of the sort.

Down in Oklahoma a board of solemn investigators are making inquiry into charges that white men have been so unspeakably heinous as to attempt to rob Indians of their lands. It is a fearful scandal and threatens to involve many men of more or less conspicuous reputation in the country. Truly awful, isn't it? And to think that there are no precedents for this sort of pillage save such as were made by the

Cavaliers of Virginia,
The Pilgrim Fathers,
The followers of Daniel Boone,
The settlers of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois,
And the Forty-niners!

MECHANICAL LIGHTKEEPERS.

Much of the romance of the seas was shattered by the steam whistle that shrieked the doom of the sailing vessel. Now modern inventors have jeopardized the positions of thousands of lighthouse keepers whose occupation is almost as romantic as was that of the old deep water sailors, and which antedates the birth of Christ three centuries. It is a far cry from the beacons of burning wood in the time of the Pharaohs to the automatic gas buoys that are government sign-posts for sailors in nearly every harbor, but now invention has gone farther. An acetylene lamp has been perfected that will make the work of human lightkeepers superfluous. The new lamps need replenishing only once a year and may receive only occasional visits from inspectors to make sure that their reflectors are undimmed and that all the machinery is in smooth working order. The mechanical effect of light rays is used to perform automatic marvels. When darkness falls, the light goes up. When daylight returns, the artificial beam ceases. The daylight acts upon the valves that do this work.

The invention may do away with most of the expense of constant attendance upon more than 3,000 lighthouses in the United States waters alone. Though most of these lights are on the mainland, many are practically isolated. Several such are within 50 miles of Toledo. Among them are the Toledo harbor light where a keeper perished during a winter vigil; Green Island light, near Put-in Bay; West Sister light, located upon an island of less than 100 acres and inhabited only by the keeper, his wife and five children growing up close to nature; Detroit river light and the lightship at Bar Point and Southeast shoal.

THE BIG TEST AHEAD.

An aeroplane flight from Paris to London can be but a sensation of the moment. The ordinary traveler can cover this distance by rail and water in six hours and to conquer so short a space with a flying machine can scarcely be rated as a truly astonishing achievement in this year of aeronautical record making and breaking.

The truly great tests of the aeroplane are to be made within the next few months. The Wright brothers have constructed a machine big enough and strong enough to carry five persons. Experiment with this aeroplane will show some of the possibilities in transportation. Flights are to be made from New York to Chicago and from New York to St. Louis. Immense prizes have been offered and a list of competitors have already been compiled. Mountain flying, which tried Glenn Curtiss' skill so dramatically in the journey between Albany and Manhattan, constitutes the most fearful obstacle at the start. Then comes the test against winds blowing far distances over plain, prairie and lake, the effect upon engines driven as they never have been driven, the wear upon equipment, the sapping of physical endurance and will—these will make the Paris to London flight appear but the puny essay of a beginner.

Kansas is booming a man by the name of Stubbs for the Presidency. How would such a name sound thundering down the corridors of time?

Since a judge has decided that a woman has a right to go through her husband's pockets the only safe way is to abolish the pockets.

When people try to keep their marriage a secret are they ashamed of it?

THE EX-PRESIDENT AND THE OLD GUARD.

Mr. Roosevelt would be the last to lament a rebuff or an insult delivered by the "old guard" of New York politicians. One can imagine him congratulating himself upon several counts. One of these would be that compromise on the part of the bosslets is made impossible by themselves. They are saving what might be a disagreeable duty for Mr. Roosevelt. There is now no question of the position of the "old guard." It is against the progressive movement. It is lined up definitely with the special interests for which it has labored—for a price—for many years. There is no question as to the side of the fence upon which it stands and from which vantage it desires to fight. The people of the country can see the demarcation plainly and Mr. Roosevelt need not go to the trouble of defining it.

The forces which compelled the nomination of Governor Hughes and brought about his election are not disintegrating because the governor is shortly to leave the state and abandon the realm of politics forever. Yet they need a point upon which to concentrate, a leader about whom to group. At least temporarily, they look to Theodore Roosevelt. He has given indication that he will not avoid the responsibility.

CONSERVATION IN CALIFORNIA.

It has been insisted by Ballinger et al that the conservation movement was entirely eastern in organization and idea. Private interests in the east had obtained complete control of all the native resources. Therefore they could afford to blockade private interests in the far west which were working to gobble such resources as were at hand. The primary elections in California have given the lie to that contention.

Several of the largest of the forest reserves are in California. Water power, still undeveloped, has for a long time been watering the mouths of many California promoters and finance manipulators. Some of the streams and rivers heve an immense potential value for irrigation purposes, and private groups would like to have settlers and farmers pay them rental for the service. A few square miles unexplored by the oil prospectors are still under the government title and there are a few tracts of land in the possession of the Indians. If pure greed controlled the whole of a community it would be in California today.

The primary elections prove that the conservation movement is strong in the state. The Ballingers and the Hepburns are in a clear minority. Californians realize that temporary advantage, which might be gained by immediate development under private capital, can be foregone in order that the greater advantage of a wise public development may be harvested.

STILL USE FOR UNCLE JOE.

Joseph Cannon has once more made the announcement that he would be a candidate for speaker of the national house of representatives in case the Danville district returned him to congress. He would not be a quitter. He would never say die. He would hang on so long as breath held out and the market for teeth was still open to all comers.

We hope that Joseph Cannon will not change his mind, that he will not yield to pressure of associates, friends or public opinion. As a candidate for the speakership he will have a value, though as speaker he would continue a danger to a free parliamentary institution. For it is still expedient that the stand patters, the old guard, the special interest representatives, the weak-kneed followers of power, the rag-tag and bob-tail of little politics, be kept with the labels on so that one who votes may read. With Cannon altogether out of the way there would be confusion. We could not be certain of the pigeonhole to which each representative belongs. With Uncle Joe strutting about and driving his geese along the big road to the speakership caucus each goose can be recognized and remembered against the day of retribution.

It is not time for Cannon to drop out of the scene entirely. There is use for him—very much the kind of use that the spot-light has upon the stage.

NEW PICTURES FROM PANAMA.

The pictures from Panama were for many months such as would show the stupendous task ahead of the canal-diggers, the jungle, the swamps, the discouraging sight of failure in the shape of the abandoned French workings and machinery. Then came the excavation phase in the fashion of Panama photography, views of the Culebra cut, the steam-shovels, the trains of dirt cars, with side glimpses of the towns, barracks and hospitals of the diggers. The pictures have entered upon a new phase—that of lock construction.

Those who dwell upon the lakes will have noted something familiar about these latest pictures. They show great masses of concrete shelved and curved, suggestive at once of the dry-docks of the ship-making and ship-repairing companies. The cranes employed for handling the vast quantities of material used upon the locks resemble the ore and coal handling machinery of the docks, skeleton arms and legs, terribly impressive in sense of strength and efficiency.

At the present rate of excavation the digging will be over by January 1, 1912, 16 months hence. The armies of workmen will then all be concentrated upon the locks and the terminals. The year 1915 is the date set by the engineers for the opening, but navigation across the isthmus may really come 18 months earlier. There is left then but one more alteration of program for the photographers at Panama—picturing shipping in the canal.

Farmers will not become greatly interested in aeroplanes, monoplanes and biplanes until they have worn out their automobiles.

Astronomers have discovered that Metcalf's comet has a little tail. A little tail, however, goes a long way with a comet.

JAPANIZED KOREA.

In the treaty of Portsmouth the Russian government pledged itself "neither to obstruct nor to interfere with the measures of guidance, protection and control which the government of Japan may find it necessary to take in Korea."

The fate of the little kingdom of Korea and its eight or ten million souls was written thus in the United States. Since the close of hostilities with Russia Japan has been gradually leading up to that day when she would take over the country entire and drop the nonsense of "protectorate." Military repression of the strongest and most autocratic kind was instituted. The intrigues of the Korean court were punished with true oriental severity. Japanese emigrants were poured into the land. Railroads were extended and others built. Trade was encouraged and experts from the islands undertook to introduce modern methods of agriculture and to bring about the development of other natural resources. Every day Korea became more Japanese, the assassination of Prince Ito scarce causing a shadow to fall across the program.

The announcement that Japan is about to make the final step in taking possession of Korea was to have been expected. In few ways does it interest Americans. But the most important of them is that Japan has mapped out such work for herself that will keep her from taking anything except an academic view of her destiny—to gain the Philippines for her own.

GETTING AT ECONOMIC TRUTH.

A firm in Chicago which deals in pigiron and coke wrote to all it could reach who were interested in the trade asking for an explanation of the cause of the depression in steel and iron. More than 600 answers were received and the following reasons were assigned for the depression:

General business depression, lack of confidence in business outlook and fear of general depression, too much politics and political agitation, legislation adverse to railroads and large corporations, fear of adverse legislation against railroads and large corporations, uncertainty of crops and fear of crop failure, general speculation in Wall street, prices too high, overpurchases last fall, undue prices last fall, bringing about an ill advised boom, lack of railroad buying, inability of railroads to raise money on securities, railroads staying out of the market to influence legislation, automobile craze, concerted attack on motor industry, monopoly and special privilege, lack of confidence in Washington, general dissatisfaction with the new tariff law, high wages and high cost of living, labor unions and unsettled labor conditions, shortage of reliable labor, strikes, personal extravagance, present small stocks in users' hands, competition from those who don't know the true costs, unsettled financial conditions, poor bond market, uneasiness among eastern bankers, shortage of money and tight money market, speculation in iron by dealers and users, manner in which iron is sold, lack of competition in iron ore.

When men who should know vary so greatly upon economic causes is it any wonder that almost any political clap-trap delivered earnestly from the platform or printed around high priced illustrations is looked upon as worth about as much as facts faithfully gathered and analyzed?

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

There is a distinct difference of opinion among those who have studied Asiatic cholera as to the cause of the disease. Dr. Koch's researches led him to believe that a specified organism was responsible. He had found it present in cases which he examified. Measures which he discovered were adequate for destroying the bacilli he had isloated proved of value in staying the advances of a great epidemic. Other bacteriologists disputed his conclusions. There is still some doubt as to the real cause of this deadly infection, but there appears to be little as to the proper manner of combating it.

A noted bacteriologist has declared that an epidemic of cholera was a crime. This was because the disease flourished in conditions of uncleanliness. Where sanitation was wanting, there cholera obtained a foothold. Where people were careless as to the sources of foodstuff and its preparation, the purity of the water supply and their own personal cleanliness the disease struck down the greatest number. It is to be noted that the present outbreak of Asiatic cholera is in that part of Europe where the people have long had an ill name for uncleanliness in the manner of living.

PURE SCIENCE.

A man long past the meridian of life has just come out of the African jungle, a part of the continent where there were only three white men in 400,000 square miles. He has spent seven years in doing just one thing and that the most unthinkable of all—studying the language of the monkey.

In the seven years, this aged student has learned that monkeys have 28 sounds in their tongue. Nine of these he knows the meaning of. The others he does not. The monkey can express a wish for certain things, can talk about it when in pain, when he is hungry or is happy. This is all that the savant has gained. But he is satisfied. He will keep on studying until, fortune granting, he has learned the meaning of the 19 other sounds.

The greater part of the study of natural history is what is termed pure science, that is, it contributes nothing to human kind of what is termed useful. In chemical laboratories there are men who are accumulating vast stores of knowledge which they never expect to be utilized. A man in Chicago catalogued the double stars as a hobby and said he would drop the job if he thought anyone except the printer of the catalogue could get a cent's worth of profit out of it. This is for art's sake in the domain of science.

AMERICANS, CHEESE EATERS.

The Germans, according to stage jokes and the humorous periodicals, are the greatest consumers of cheese, the making of which involves almost the entire population of the department of Aveyron in France.

In this section there is more than 20,000,000 pounds of Rocquefort cheese every year. It has a total value of $3,860,000 and most of it is exported. The United States bought $388,522 worth of it in the last fiscal year, showing a consumption in excess of that of any other country.

Popular views and conventional humor are not always in harmony with the statistical tables.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

SOME TRIUMPHAL PROCESSIONS

International Sunday School Lesson for August 28 Is "Jesus Entering Jerusalem." Matt. 21 1-17.

By William T. Ellis.

Religion should always be interpreted in the present tense. Its latest expressions should supplement its historical records. Thus the Triumphal Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, which the Sunday schools study today, needs to be recalled in connection with the triumph which He is achieving today.

Two modern instances recur to mind. There is the procession to Oberammergau this summer. From every direction and remotest distances, travelers have been wending their way to the little Bavarian village which once a decade celebrates the Passion of Christ. Many of the travelers go by the cheapest routes and at the cost of much economy; others by the hundreds travel in their private automobiles. Thousands of Americans have gone to Europe expressly for the Passion Play. More than a hundred thousand persons will have gone to Oberammergau ere the season closes. Why? To see a theatrical play? No. Better acting can be witnessed in any great city. The attraction is the theme; it is the representation of the supreme experience of humanity's Redeemer that attracts rich and poor, ignorant and learned. All this host celebrate the kingship of Christ. Thirty thousand Jews died at Jerusalem a few years after the crucifixion, but nobody celebrates this. Today the death of Christ is the most widely and seriously commemorated event in all history; the whole world is living the highway of time to honor His triumph.

When the Ends of Earth Meet.

Another triumphal procession of recent weeks, to be considered alongside of the Entry into Jerusalem, was the world's missionary conference at Edinburg. The Hero of all perhaps viewed this later than he did the huzzahs of the volatile Jerusalem crowd. To Edinburg's royal hill—henceforth to have a greater place in history because of this assembly than any of the Scottish kings or heroes have given it—journeyed Christian leaders from the remotest corners of earth.

The earth's great were there—lords and earls and baronets and generals and statesmen and kings of commerce and authors and archbishops and bishops and doctors of divinity and explorers and adventurers and missionaries—to do such honor to the Lord Jesus Christ as, in human estimation, He had never received before. The proud university of Scotland's capital conferred honorary degrees upon a few of the representative delegates from Asia, Europe and America. The gathering was the most cosmopolitan that ever assembled for any purpose.

All this was not to witness the coronation of an earthly sovereign, or to further schemes of personal gain, or to avow allegiance to any great political principle, but only to do honor to the Redeemer and to consider the prosecution of His work. Some crowds are counted and some are weighed; this one was to be weighed. The Jerusalem multitude that exultingly cried "Hosanna!" was soon to howl throaty hate. "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" With calm and measured purpose the Edinburg host sang "Crown Him with many crowns."

The Accepted Ovation.

There is a mock humility which is glib in self-depreciation; it is the pride which apes humility." Not so Jesus. He accepted the ovation of the multitude as His right. He knew His own kingliness, knew it far better than the noisy crowd by the wayside. They were carried away by a popular tide of wonder, admiration for His works and enthusiasm over a hero. The deeper significance of the demonstration in which they shared they did not understand, but He did.

It must have been a comfort to the sore heart of Jesus to hear this voice of public acclaim. Even though it did not go very far, it meant to Him the fulfillment of prophecy and a foregleam of the greater triumphs which the Father was to give to the Son. Any sense of a realization of spiritual truths, however superficial, was precious in His sight. And the honor of the Son is dear to the Father; whatever exalts the name of Jesus is well-pleasing in the sight of God. Sometimes men sneer at the great Christian Endeavor and Epworth League and Sunday school conventions, as effervescent things; let it not be forgotten that they are a public honoring of the Son of God; a repetition (with improvements) of the Triumphal Entry. He who accepted, aye, and expected and planned for, the victorious procession into the city of David could not be indifferent to, say, the imposing march of men in the adult Bible class parade in the city of Washington a few weeks ago, or the great processions of the Holy Name society.

Measuring the Applause.

Pitiable indeed is the plight of the man or woman who works for the public as a lecturer, actor, singer or politician, who gets his reward from the volume of the applause of the crowds. Of all the vain ambitions, probably this one which measures success by the plaudits of men, is the vainest. To have no higher or more sustaining motive than this is to be doomed to sure disappointment. It is noticeable that while Jesus accepted the acclamation of the multitude He yet kept His own reserve and poise. His life was lived for "the Father who seeth in secret." When the hosannas failed, He could still go forward steadily to his purpose. The approval of God meant more to him than the applause of men. So it must ever be with all who would work successfully. The fickle public has woven thorn crowns for most of the heroes upon whom it had bestowed the laurel wreaths.

The whole city was excited by the arrival of Jesus. He designed this. Never losing sight of the merely secondary importance of popular demonstrations, it is to be recalled that these have their place in the education and evangelization of the public. Tuberculosis congresses, anti-opium and anti-saloon and anti-gambling demonstrations (all of which, by the way, are incidentally part of the contemporaneous triumphal entry of Jesus) have a real part in bringing to pass the desired end. City evangelistic campaigns have this to commend them. They set the people to talking and inquiring, "Who is this?" The church has much to learn concerning the business of arousing the world at home to the approach of Jesus Christ. There is scarcely a great commercial firm or sporting project or amusement enterprise or political party which cannot teach the church how to do that which is really one of her primary tasks: the advertising of her object.

Another Entry.

We have a record of how Jesus entered Jerusalem; not so easy to write is the story of how Jesus enters a human heart. This is one of the mysteries of religion. Somehow, sometime, in a manner and an hour unexpected and unforseen, the mighty divine life of Jesus enters into the life of a human being. Then and there is enacted the great transaction. All the universe is made new. Purposes are transformed. Ideals are made new. Existence takes on a deeper, higher, broader meaning. What an hour it was for the world when Christ entered as conqueror into the life of Paul and St. Augustine and St. Patrick and St. Columba and Martin Luther and William Carey!

The little children hailed Christ as hero, and He loved it. When the eminent gentlemen who determined the religious code of the time and place objected, Jesus spoke them to scorn. He cares for the praises of the little ones. Every wise Christian parent and teacher will seek opportunities to let children share in doing honor to the name of Jesus. A St. Louis man took his son to a great convention of laymen because he wanted the boy's ideas of bigness and manliness and greatness to be associated with religion. "Children's day" and "Rally day" and Sunday school parades and and every other special occasion for children in connection with religion have their warrant in welcome hosannas of the children in the temple, when they gave joy to the Savior who was about to die.

A Conqueror's Scourge.

Conquerors get their name from conquests; and conquests mean strife. Jesus was a warrior. There is ever need to recall the danger of over-emphasizing His passive virtues. To stress His own lowliness and His identity with the plain people and His non-military character, Jesus rode a humble donkey, instead of a fiery charger. Yet He came from one series of conflicts and was facing others. Immediately after the triumphal entry He was to cleanse the temple.

The world has not many paintings or statues of Jesus with a whip in His hand; we do not like the attitude. Yet it was, in a degree, characteristic. He knew of disease as well as to save. His love for a pure church is typified by His driving out the traffickers from the temple. He cares for the purity of God's house and God's people almost as much as He cares for the salvation of a lost world. That is why He has in every age called some men to be reformers, to call the church back to her first estate. Only a pure church can serve a sinful world. And Christ's conquest is incomplete so long as His own friends are living contrary to His plain teachings.

THE RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT.

The railroads of America have been guilty of the following:

They have corrupted politics so that they have been able to send their own representatives and senators to congress, name those who fixed taxes upon their property, bought legislators, bribed witnesses, selected judges which would do their bidding, caused lawyers to discard the ethics they were taught and compelled their own employes to do acts contrary to the law of God and man.

They have stolen rights-of-way, put armed forces into the field to fight their rivals, laid tracks through streets at hours when they could dodge injunction services, obtained franchises by stealth and the corruption of public officers.

They have pumped water into stocks, wrecked roads to gain control or to engineer a stock deal, founded a system of financial jugglery the example of which has opened up a vast territory for thievery and skulduggery.

The former general manager, the former manager of lines north of the Ohio river and a dismissed storekeeper have been arrested, charged with swindling the Illinois Central railroad out of $1,500,000. The company says it will not accept return of the stolen money in exchange for dropping the prosecution. It intends to put everyone concerned in the affair in the penitentiary if it can.

There is a lesson in this thing for all railroad officers and employes—when you graft, graft for, not upon, your employers.

TALKING BEFORE CHILDREN.

For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.—St. Luke, xvi.-8.

The Saturday Evening Post illuminates one of the causes of the strained relations between William Jennings Bryan and Governor Judson Harmon. It appears that when the campaign of 1908 was on, a youngster of the Harmon household became greatly interested in the breakfast table talk. Sentiments and political views were absorbed which the father wouldn't have confessed to the most intimate friend outside of the family. The youngster had a friend in Texas and in the heat of the tumult and the shouting, wrote the friend as follows:

We are all hoping papa will be elected governor this year and that Mr. Bryan will be beaten, because that will give papa a chance at the presidential nomination four years from now if he can be re-elected governor of Ohio.

After the campaign smoke had cleared away Mr. Bryan went to Texas for recuperation and there he learned of the letter.

The services of the Nebraskan will be greatly needed by Judson Harmon two years hence. Will he get them? We wonder!

Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw knows how to score a point. Describing a speaker at an anti-suffrage meeting in England, she says. "He had side whiskers of the Burnside variety." The rest can be imagined.

Chief Johnson says he can't remember how he happened to deposit that $75,000 to his personal account. A man with a memory so poor as that would forget to mail his wife's letter.

One woman reader asks for a good way of retaining her hair. The best we can do is to suggest that she put it in a safety deposit vault.

"It is said that a hen can lay four times her own weight in eggs in a year." Perhaps she can, but she doesn't.

Korea, it seems, is about to be annexed, and that will settle her future. She can't go to Reno and get relief.

"Kondamnigughin," the cuss word in Esperanto, is ornamental but too long for practical use.

There is still a wide divergence of opinion as to what should be done with ex-Presidents.

A Long Island milkman mistook a mule for a cow. Moral: One cannot be too careful.

Mr. Bryan still refuses to let Col. Henry Watterson tell him where to get off.

Varieties

It is said that $2,500,000 is spent annually on hunting in Ireland.

Mexico is being invaded by American breakfast-food manufacturers.

Compared with 1870, pauperism in London has decreased by 50 per cent.

Lemons may be kept fresh for weeks by burying them in dry sawdust.

Chile has 800 miles of telephones worked by an English company.

To every 1,000 girls born in England and Wales in 1908 there were 1,036 boys.

England makes a state grant of $250 an acre to encourage tobacco growing in Ireland.

The world's product of gold since the discovery of America is estimated at $130,000,000,000.

The superiority of American machinery is acknowledged in the book-binderies of Scotland.

There were nearly 3,000 entries at the international horse show recently held in London.

The frames of the most recently constructed locomotives of large size are made of vanadium steel.

British provident societies number 85,254, with a membership of 19,709,647, and funds amounting to $954,182,107.

Canada had under cultivation last year 30,000 acres of land, the yield of which was valued at $532,000,000.

The British government has surveyed a railroad line into the great Bauchi tin fields of northern Nigeria.

By making favorable land terms Brazil plans to retain its supremacy in the rubber production of the world.

When side tracks are taken into account, we have more railroad mileage than all the rest of the world.

The improvement of Jamaica harbor, which is now under way, will add 15 miles of water front to the New York harbor.

The British flag covered 62.3 per cent of the total tonnage of the 47,887 vessels that traversed the Suez canal in 1909.

Australia has been having an exceptionally prosperous year, both exports and bank clearings show great improvement.

The order for the Panama lock gates covers no fewer than 58,000 tons of steel, distributed over 46 gates, or 92 leaves.

An American steam plow made a striking showing at the first annual exhibition of agriculture and commerce at Bangkok in April last.

German architects are making more and more use of glass bricks, in cases where walls instead of windows are essential, while light must be provided.

Waste milk is now being profitably used in Irish dairies, where it used to be a nuisance, but is now made into a fertilizer resembling bone ashes in value.

Exports from the United States to Canada show a larger growth in the current fiscal year than those of any other of the important countries of the world.

Though the gas neon composes but one twenty-five-thousandth of the volume of the atmosphere, the spectroscope detects its presence in a cubic centimeter of air.

Miss Margaret Seppings, whose death took place at Lynn, England, recently at the age of 92, was born, resided all her life and died in the same house.

The largest olive orchard in the world is situated at Syimar, near Los Angeles, Cal., where there are 120,000 bearing trees, yielding 50 pounds of fruit to the tree.

Horseradish contains a higher percentage of sulphur than any other vegetable food, spinach ranking next. Pumpkin leads for phosphorus, while radishes are rich in iron.

Under the influence of a searchlight the hunters of the northern woods can approach within a few feet of a bull moose at night. Some even make bold enough to rub the animal's nose.

J. S. Dugdale, K. C., recorder of Birmingham, England, and chairman of the Warwickshire quarter sessions, who celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday recently, has tried 10,000 prisoners.

Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden, of Boston, is now filling the pulpit in the Universalist church at Holderness, N. H., for the fourth season. Each year she has been invited by the people of the town to occupy the pulpit.

A cloud of "smoke" which appeared to be rising from the cathedral tower at Belgrade was found, when the fire brigade arrived, to be a large cluster of mosquitoes, compact at the base and tapering toward the top.

No business whatever can now be done on Sundays in the Mexican city of Mazatlan. Heretofore, all places of business have been open from 8 to 11 on Sundays, allowing only one-half holiday to employes in the whole week.

There is joy in Iowa over a bumper crop of watermelons. Columbus Junction is reaching after the banner, claiming shipments this season of 1,100 cars, averaging 1,100 melons to the car, or a total of 1,210,000 melons, worth about $200,000.

In 1909 the fire insurance companies in Canada received $17,058,843 in premiums and suffered losses amount to $8,553,353, a gross profit of nearly 50 per cent. The amount at risk in 1909 was $1,463,458,525, an increase of $162,752,259 over 1908.

Tarsus, the ancient city in Asia Minor where the Apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus river. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about 600 incandescent lights for private use.

Speaking of the announcement by scientists that people may become vegetarians by eating raisins, the Chicago Record-Herald puts in the comment that the trouble is that most of the energy produced by eating raisins has to be expended in removing the seeds.

Italy's tax on salt is a grievous burden upon the poor. The profit from the salt monopoly goes to the huge expense of armaments; the armaments are required by the triple alliance, and that triple alliance is required by the position of Italy as a first-class power.

Mrs. Julia M. Champlin, of Brookline, Mass., left $75,000 absolutely to charities and $75,000 more for charities on the income of certain life estates. The beneficiaries include numerous Episcopal and charitable organizations in Boston and its vicinity.

A German inventor has offered his government an "aerial torpedo boat" which is a combination of boat, automobile and flying machine, ready for use at short notice in any element, and the Watertown Times adds that it was to be over sight not to make it a submarine as well.

The returns of the fishery board for Scotland give the combined catches of herring at Orkney and Shetland and on the east coast of Scotland and that part of the Northumberland coast under the jurisdiction of the board, from May 1 to July 23, at 1,068,000 crans—1,068,000 barrels.

The United States government is about to establish a biological station to study the contagious diseases of fish. Cancer is one of these diseases. A careful study of these diseases in fish may result in assisting the medical profession in alleviating one of the most dreadful of human afflictions.

For the purpose of erecting a statue of Edward VII the people of Aberdeen have resolved to raise a subscription of $2,500. A recommendation is to be given to the sculptor selected that, if possible, the statue should be of Aberdeen granite and the work of cutting executed in Aberdeenshire by Aberdeen workmen.

There is a concerted movement on the part of the press of New Brunswick to attract settlers to the vacant lands of the province, where the problem of the abandoned farm is proving difficult of solution. It is said that there are more than 1,000 vacant farms in the province available for settlement, and the land is fertile and cheap.

The superintendent of a lunatic asylum was strolling around the grounds a few weeks ago after his appointment, when one of the inmates came up to him and, touching his hat, exclaimed: "We all like you better than the last one, sir." "Thank you," said the new official, pleasantly. "And may I ask why?" "Well, sir," replied the lunatic, "you see, you are more like one of us!"

And now Boston is trying to find out why the city spends $3 more a head for its inhabitants than any other city in the United States, and all sorts of excuses are being given by those responsible for the heavy outlay. One man, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, says that the Hub suffers from a plethora of little politicians, while New York deals with the big fellows, who control the little ones.

John B. Allen, 96 years and six months of age, who as a New York delegate turned the t

FORCED BY GRATITUDE OF HUNDREDS to Repeat His Offer

f April 21 in the Toledo W. Blade

have been so mov- the past few weeks the gratitude of edo W. Blade readers, I have decided to ke again the offer ch I made in the 21st issue. This what I said: "I am g to Give Away a Treatment for afness, to every suf- r who asks for it. the letters of re- t have poured in; ers of grateful sks have also pour- in. From every of the continent, people whom I e cured of that rible affliction— afness—are thank- me.

letter from the Far West says, "Allow to thank you a thousand times for the hearing you have restored to me." A r from New England says, "I bless the I saw your offer, for you have cured me Deafness."

eafness Treatment Free

ese many letters of gratitude have ched my heart, and so I say again to readers of Toledo W. Blade, I will give by a Free Treatment for Deafness to ry sufferer who writes for it." is offer can only be made for a very rt time. If you are Deaf, or have any ble with your ears, write for a Free tment.

his treatment is entirely free. I want to you. I know what you suffer in the ap- ach day of Deafness, and the intolerable y of complete Deafness. I know that I e cured many, many people who were . I want you to have the same oppor- ity to hear again. Write today for my tment for Deafness.

end off now, a post card or letter request. n't delay, or it may be too late. If you e even the slightest feeling that some- g is wrong with your ears, be on the side and send for treatment. It won't you anything. If you are growing Deaf, have become discouraged and tired of erimenting, profit by the example of those have been cured by my treatment. Many these people thought that they never could cured, they had tried so many different s which never did them any good. My tment restored their hearing.

rite today for a Free Deafness Treatment Deafness Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade lding, Boston, Mass.

ORLD'S CROP IS LOW

atten Says Wheat Substitute Is Necessary.

Chicago, August 22. — That the rld's wheat crop this year will be e smallest in the past 10 years and t the world is in strong need of a bstitute for wheat were the state- nts yesterday of James A. Patten on his return to Chicago from Eu- pe. Mr. Patten visited Germany, land, Belgium and France.

"The wheat crop shortage really is great," he said, "that it appears at a substitute must be found. What t substitute could be I am unable say. Corn seems first to suggest lf, but people could not live on rn bread."

In regard to business conditions road, Mr. Patten said:

"I do not think the serious crop sit- tion in France has been greatly ex- gerated. The best posted grainmen Antwerp believe that France will ed to import 100,000,000 bushels of eat this year to make up for the p deficiency.

Conditions in Germany Bad.

"Conditions in Germany are almost bad, although not so much has en heard of them. Excessive rain in rthwestern Europe has radically anged the situation the last six eks.

"French millers are buying wheat tside of the country with great free- m and grain men generally are llish on the situation, believing that th short crops in the United States d Canada high prices will prevail ter in the crop year.

"Much depends on the outcome of e Argentine crop, and conditions in at country are being watched closely the European grain trade."

Potatoes Rotting In Ground.

Conditions in regard to other crops e not much more promising, accord- g to the Evanston plunger. The po- to crops of France, Germany and land, he said, were rotting in the ound owing to the continuous rains, d oats have been laid flat on the ound by the winds and rains.

The poor quality of the Russian eat crop this year is evidenced by e weight, samples averaging 55 to 66 unds to the bushel, against 62 to 64 unds a year ago.

"Grain men at Antwerp estimate e Russian crop at 70,000,000 quar- rs, against 98,000,000 quarters a year o," continued Mr. Patten, "but Rus- carried over about 10,000,000 quar- rs or 80,000,000 bushels from the mper crop of last year."

Cotton production has not been re- cted as much by high prices road as in this country, but stocks e light.

OIL KING INVITED BY KIN

ay Attend Reunion of All the Rockefellers.

Cleveland, August 17.—A reunion of the Rockefellers has been planned r September 9, at Newburg, N. Y., d it is expected that John D. Rocke- ler will attend.

The invitations have been sent out d John D. Rockefeller has received e, but he would not say positively ether he would be among those sent. Those invited to the reunion lineal descendants of Johann Peter ckefeller, who came to America in

Announcement has been made that history of the Rockefeller family ll be from the press by the time of reunion, telling the origin of the mily name and a history of it down m 800.

RL MARRIED IN NIGHTIE

opes Despite Folks Who Take Away Clothing.

Atlanta, Ga., August 17.—Arrayed ly in her nightgown and stockings, ss Columbia Cheek, a prominent mber of Atlanta's younger social , was married at 3 o'clock yesterday rning to Guy H. Buchanan. Early night before Miss Check's par- ts learned that the lovers planned to pe and they locked the girl in her m, after taking away her clothing. Buchanan heard of his sweetheart's dicament and after midnight went an auto to the Cheek home. By ans of a step ladder Miss Cheek de- ended from her room into the arms her lover, was placed in the auto- bile and hurried to the rectory of manuel Baptist church.

The Rev. W. L. Gilmore was aroused 3 o'clock and quickly made the ers man and wife. The bride looked tle stunning in her nightie and lisle read.

EXPLOSION IN GUN WORKS

re Destroys Building in Krupp Plant, Germany.

Essen, Germany, August 22.—The oratory of the proving grounds of e Krupp's works here was blown by an explosion today, the build- g being subsequently destroyed by e.

The powder sheds nearby contain- g a great quantity of explosives, re barely saved by the quickness of e firemen.

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NEGRO HITS LYNCH LAW

Booker T. Washington Calls It Wanton Murder.

New York, August 18.—Booker T. Washington said last night at the eleventh annual session of the National Negro Business league in the Palm garden:

"I call attention to the murdering of negroes at this time because the habit has so grown upon the nation that murder or lynching of this kind attracts little attention. Be it remembered, too, in connection with these recent murders that not one in ten has any connection with alleged assaults upon women.

"I speak with sorrow and with a sense of shame and humiliation when I call attention to the fact that within a period of thirty days during the present summer not fewer than twenty-six negroes were wantonly murdered by mobs—shot down or hanged as if they had been so many wild beasts. Let this truth never be forgotten—that whatsoever man or nation sows, that it shall also reap. The white man who murders a negro today and goes unpunished is likely to murder a white man tomorrow and go unpunished.

Wants Equal Law Enforcement.

"I plead everywhere for equal and exact enforcement of the laws, not only in the interest of the negro race, but in the interest of all the races, for without law enforcement our civilization will dissapear and we, as a nation shall become an object of ridicule at the hands of other nations."

The speaker said of the industrial situation of his people:

"The chief object of the National Business league is to teach the negro the value of the opportunities he possesses as well as the value of those opportunities that lie before him.

"To him that hath shall be given' is a law of life. On the other hand, if the world becomes convinced that we have no opportunities, that there is no future before us, despair and death will follow and the opportunities that we now have will disappear. The world is interested in the man who is succeeding. The world is interested in the race that is succeeding.

"It is conservatively estimated that negroes of the United States are adding from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 to their wealth each year, and that their total wealth is now not far from $600,000,000."

MISS ELKINS MAY BE A QUEEN

Abruzzi Talked Of for Throne of Greece.

Rome, August 22. — Miss Katherine Elkins is believed to stand closer to a throne today than ever did another American woman.

The opposition on the part of the Italian royal family to her marriage with the duke of the Abruzzi, it is reported, has been successfully overcome.

Now comes the secret of the reported withdrawal of the objections by Italian royalty to the marriage. In the last few weeks it has become possible that the duke of the Abruzzi may be called to the throne of Greece.

As king of Greece the duke would be obliged to renounce his rights of succession to the throne of Italy. The Italian royal family, therefore, would have no fear of an American woman as his wife becoming queen of Italy.

WRECK DEATHS TOTAL SEVEN

Traces of No More Bodies Found on Central Vermont Line.

Northfield, Vt., August 22.—After the wreckage had been cleared away it was believed that the death list in the head-on collision between two freight trains on the Central Vermont railway at Northfield Falls yesterday would not exceed seven.

There were rumors yesterday that more men had been caught under the wreckage, but no traces of any bodies were found today and it was believed that all of the men on the train had been accounted for. The three men who were seriously injured showed no change in condition today.

PASTOR JOINS MUSICAL SHOW

Quits Church to Go With Stubborn Cinderella Company.

Chicago, August 20.—Instead of facing a congregation in Woodlawn tomorrow the Rev. Dudley C. Fosher, for three years pastor of the Ryder Memorial Universalist church at Sixty-fourth street and Kimbark avenue, will appear in a theater at Racine, Wis., as an actor in a touring company playing Stubborn Cinderella.

He submitted his resignation to his church to take effect on August 1.

The clergyman did not state what his reasons were for wanting to resign, except that his salary of $1,200 was too low, and many of his flock did not know yesterday that the man to whom they had listened many a Sunday in the pulpit of their church had "gone on the stage."

When Mr. Fosher appears tomorrow on the Racine stage he will act in the role of a college professor and will sing to the dancing accompaniment of rows of chorus girls. It was his vocal abilities that secured for him the favorable attention of the comedy company.

CONDEMNED 21 YEARS AGO

Prince Is Now Released and Will Be a Farmer.

Hanover, Prussia, August 20.—Prince Prosper of Arenberg, who was condemned to death by a court-martial in German Southwest Africa in 1889 for murder and other crimes committed against the natives but whose sentence was subsequently commuted, was discharged today as cured from the sanitorium of Oberode, where he had been confined since he was pronounced insane in 1904. The prince will go to Argentina, in charge of a guardian appointed by the court, where he will become a farmer. His title has been dropped, the court giving him the name of Blanden.

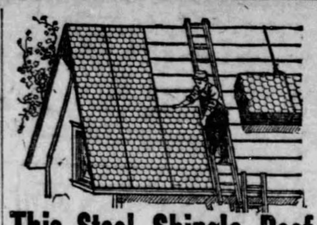
The Arenberg case has several times been the subject of discussion in the reichstag, allegations that the prince was not treated as other prisoners but was addressed as "Your Highness," and given an easy time, having been made in the press.

SEE END OF WORLD—STARVE

Four Members of Strange Sect Found in Dying Condition.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 20.—Lying on pallets, too weak to move, detectives yesterday found in an arroyo bungalow four members of a sect who were deliberately starving themselves to death in anticipation of the end of the world. There were two men, a woman and a girl 16 years old. They had not touched food for six weeks, and for the last 10 days had not stirred from their couches on the floor of a room that had not been aired since the long fast began.

Last night the officers forced them to take their first nourishment—a pint of milk divided among the four. John Irving O'Neill, one of the four, said he was the leader of the sect which he called Disciples of the Holy Ghost with the Gift of Tongues, and invited the curses of heaven down upon those who compelled him to break the fast. He died today.



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TOSSES VICTIM ASIDE

Auto Driver Coolly Disposes of Senseless Baby.

Matteawan, N. Y., August 17.—As unconcerned, apparently, as if his victim had been a homeless cur, the driver of an automobile which ran over and mangled the two-year-old son of George Verdi Monday, picked up the baby's senseless figure, threw it on a lawn beside the road, coolly climbed back into the automobile and sped away.

The baby slipped out of a house in Schenck avenue while his mother's attention was otherwise engaged, and was playing in the road when the automobile whizzed along. It is evident that the machine struck the child squarely and that the wheels passed over his body.

Nobody saw the accident seemingly, but persons in a cross street noticed the driver stop his automobile, pick something from the road and toss it aside. They thought it was a bag of some kind, and paid no heed.

Some time afterward the baby was found on the lawn. His chest was crushed and his internal organs twisted and torn.

SPALDING MAY YET WIN OUT

Californian Said to Have Been Indorsed for Senate.

San Francisco, Cal., August 22.—Further returns from the primary vote on the United States senatorship show that the contest is closer than at first indicated. Supporters of A. G. Spalding, former Chicagoan, claim the indorsement for their candidate, declaring he has captured 53 out of the 100 districts, which would oblige his party representatives in the legislature to vote for him, regardless of Works' plurality. Friends of Works say he will have a small plurality.

Late returns from remote districts indicate that the Lincoln-Roosevelt league, the champion of insurgency in California, elected its entire ticket. The offices still in doubt are those of lieutenant governor, secretary of state, printer and clerk of the supreme court.

Lincoln-Roosevelt control of the state legislature is feared by leaders of the regular wing of the party who already are planning a new attack by a proposal to put up an independent candidate in each of the districts where the Lincoln-Roosevelt nominee was successful.

Republican leaders are making determined efforts to prevent a desertion to the ranks of Bell, the Democratic candidate for governor.

INDIANS MAY LOSE NOTHING

Government May Have to Stand for Those Big Fees.

Sulphur, Okla., August 22.—If $3,000,000 were paid J. F. McMurray as a 10 per cent attorney's fee in the sale of Indian lands, the government and not the Indians might have to stand the expense. This was the opinion of E. W. Clapp, an attorney, who appeared today before the congressional committee investigating Indian land deals in this state.

Mr. Clapp, who is counsel for the Chickasaw Indians, said that as the government promised to dispose of the land without cost to the Indians, it was probable the Indians could recover, if any money, such as might be paid to McMurray, were deducted from the proceeds of the sale of the land.

VATICAN DENIES CHARGES

Says Spanish Priests Are Not Exciting the People.

Rome, August 22.—Surprise is expressed at the vatican at the protest of the Spanish government against what the Spanish government calls violent sermons, delivered by Roman Catholic priests in Spain against the government.

The protest was delivered by Marquis de Gonzales, secretary of the Spanish embassy to the vatican, in charge of the embassy since the recall of the Spanish ambassador, and terms the sermons "insulting to the Spanish ministers, and inflaming the passions of the people."

At the vatican it is said that the Spanish clergy is behaving admirably during the crisis, and is simply calling the attention of the faithful to the attempts by the Spanish government against the rights and liberties of the church.

THE WAY OUT

What to Do When Food Don't Agree.

When food don't agree sensible folks make a change.

Where all others fail Grape-Nuts, being partially predigested and nearly all nourishment, succeeds usually from the first trial.

A lady in Washington says: "My baby 19 months old, had never seen a well day in her life. She had suffered from indigestion from the time of her birth, and it seemed impossible to find any food to agree with her. She could keep almost nothing on her stomach and she was in such a constipated condition she suffered a great deal.

"It was then that I tried Grape-Nuts for her, steeping it thoroughly and straining it, putting a small portion in each feeding and it worked like a charm. She began to improve immediately and gained half a pound the first week.

"Baby got her indigestion from me, for my digestive organs have always been weak. I rely on Grape-Nuts for most of my food for there are times when I can eat nothing else. I am steadily improving and know Grape-Nuts will make me entirely well in time.

"I never have 'that tired feeling' any more. I eat Grape-Nuts and I feel its effects in improved mental strength very forcibly."

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

INDORSE ALL STRIKES

Mine Workers Bring Convention to a Close.

Indianapolis, August 22.—The special international convention of United Mine Workers adjourned sine die early Sunday, after adopting the substitute report, with two amendments, and the delegates, with the exception of the international executive board, have returned home after being in session here 10 days.

The substitute report, submitted by William Green, former president of the Ohio district, with the two amendments, provides for an assessment of $1 per week on all miners working; the indorsement of all strikes; the dismissal of international organizers and a criticism of the international board.

By filibustering the Lewis faction kept the substitute from coming to a vote until all of the strikes had been indorsed and the assessment included in the provision. The amendment for the assessment was made by President Howott, of the southwest district, which is on strike, and was seconded by President Walker, of the Illinois district, which also is on strike.

Before taking a vote on the substitute, President Lewis announced that all points in the substittue conflicting with the constitution would not become law. He declared the dismissal of the organizers and the section criticizing the international board, which he said had not exceeded its authority in Illinois, were unconstitutional.

It is estimated that the convention cost the miners of the country close to $100,000.

PUT IT UP TO FARMER

Butchers Lay Blame for High Prices.

Causes of High Prices.

Chicago, August 17.—The present tariff. Slaughtering at breeding time. Education of farmers' children. Inspection by state and government. Unprofitable growth of corn for feeding purposes. Anxiety on the part of farmers to market products. Lack of farm labor. Laxity on the part of farmers.

Remedies.

Removal of the tariff on live stock. Corporate holding of live stock farms. Passage of a law forbidding slaughter three months of the year. Migration back to the farm. Abolishment of state inspection.

These were the causes and remedies expressed yesterday by delegates to the convention of the United Master Butchers of America, which met at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

John H. Schofield, St. Louis, Mo., secretary of the national organization, laid the cause of high prices at the door of the farmer, who, he said, is too hasty about slaughtering cattle, hogs and lambs. "The high prices of meats," he said, "is accredited to the high tariff. This may be true. I feel that the early slaughtering of cattle, hogs and other products is the real cause."

Otto W. Rohland, St. Paul, Minn., president of the St. Paul (Minn.) board of aldermen and also a delegate to the convention, also denounced the tariff as partly the cause of the high prices.

"The tariff is partly responsible for the high price of meats and then the shortage in corn and feed products has a material bearing. The farmer finds he can acquire more profit by selling his feed for cereal purposes and he slaughters his live stock under weight. This cuts down the supply and at the same time raises the price of pork.

CLAIM DISPROOF OF COOK'S HIGH CLIMB.

Seward, Alaska, August 19.—The Parker-Browne Mount McKinley expedition passed through Seward today, sailing on the steamship Portland for Seattle. The party was unsuccessful in its efforts to scale the peak. Members of the expedition assert that they have conclusive evidence that Dr. Cook did not reach the summit.

KOREA EVIDENTLY NEAR END

All Indications Point to Annexation by Japan.

Seul, Korea, August 19.—Though nothing official can be learned confirming the reports that negotiations for the annexation of Korea by Japan are proceeding, many signs indicate that annexation is imminent.

Long conferences between officials are constantly in progress, visits are frequently interchanged, and great activity is noticed in the Japanese offices.

The censorship has been placed on an even more rigid basis than before, and Tokio newspapers containing reports on the situation in Korea are confiscated at Fusan upon their arrival in this country.

The entire country has been placed under a strong military guard and several Japanese war vessels are now patrolling the coasts of Korea.

BRYAN TO TRY TO FORGIVE

Tells Watterson That Loyal Candidate Would Be Better.

Lincoln, Neb., August 19.—W. J. Bryan is not sure he can follow the suggestion of Henry Watterson, that he forgive and forget the Democrats who opposed him in 1896, but says he is willing to try. Mr. Bryan says in the Commoner today:

"Mr. Watterson assures Mr. Bryan that he would win great applause if he would bury the past and join with the eastern Democracy in winning a victory for the party under the leadership of some one who opposed the party in 1896. It is not necessary to discuss the subject at this time.

"In the meantime Mr. Watterson might use some of his energy in trying to persuade those who have defeated the party to consider the wisdom of supporting a candidate against whom the charge of disloyalty cannot be made. It ought to be possible to find an available man among the six and a half millions who supported the ticket in 1896, 1900, 1904 and 1908."

ABRUZZI IS ONE BEST BET

Washington, August 19.—Miss Katherine Elkins, who has for some time been the best toast of society swells, has become the best bet. The gossip in the Metropolitan club is that the foreign element is betting that the Duke of the Abruzzi will not marry Miss Elkins, while the other end of the bet seems to be popular with the American members.

The foreigners think that the barrier will never be let down so that Miss Elkins will be welcomed in court circles. In fact, they think that she will be snubbed persistently by the radical conservatives of the court.

The foreigners who gossip about this subject in Washington at clubs and elsewhere are all betting heavily on "Billy" Hitt as the future husband of Miss Elkins.

YOUR
OPPORTUNITY
NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW
THE TIME IS NOW
Get Well Now!
Accept my FREE HELP TODAY
READ MY OFFER — THEN ACT. THIS DAY MAY BRING THE "ELEVENTH HOUR" for YOU

YOU MAY HAVE SUFFERED for years from some painful, weakening or wasting disease of the Heart, Lungs, Nerves, Blood, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys or the stubborn diseases peculiar to men or women which sap the strength, vim, vigor and vitality of the body. Or, you may have contracted some chronic ailment that has but lately shown its symptoms. It matters not how many years you have suffered or how short a time has passed since the first indications of trouble came to you, there will surely come an "eleventh hour"—the hour of last hope, of last chance before the disease passes into that incurable stage beyond human help. That time, that "eleventh hour" may be today or tomorrow, next week or next year. To you who suffer from any ailment, any disease of long standing or recently contracted this message of hope is addressed. Write to me now—today—and I will send you a free prescription for your particular ailment (no matter what it may be) that will cure you as it has cured others who have suffered as you now suffer. It makes no difference where you live, how long you have suffered, from what disease, how discouraged you may be, how many times you have been disappointed and given up by others as incurable; if you will write me today on the attached coupon or in a separate letter, telling me how and what you suffer I will do just as I promised—send you free a valuable prescription for your cure. Get well NOW. Accept my free help today, that you may at once enter upon a new lease of life, a new health through the prescriptions by which I have achieved my success as a physician. I ask no pay—not one penny. Only write to me and write today before you pass beyond even my help. Disease does not stand still. It becomes worse or better. You cannot afford to neglect your health. You cannot afford to reject the help I offer you. Every day the disease takes firmer hold. Every day of neglect or improper treatment means one more day of suffering for you—one day nearer the "eleventh hour." To get well NOW, write to me NOW—act NOW—take pencil or pen NOW—send the coupon or your letter NOW—AT ONCE—TODAY. The time to get well is NOW—NOW—NOW.

Free Prescription to Cure Your Ailment

If you suffer from any ailment, write to me, giving a description of your case and I will send you free and postpaid without one cent of expense to you, a prescription that has been tried and proved successful in the treatment of the disease from which you suffer. There will be no "hap-hazard" guesswork about the prescription I will send you. For years I have used the same prescriptions that I now give free to you; have used them successfully in my own practice and in curing sick people in their own homes. If I can cure others who suffer exactly as you are suffering, I can cure you. And I have cured others. I have on file thousands of letters from grateful people who have been cured by my methods after all other means have failed. These people I have never seen; they have written to me the same as you will write, giving me a description of their feelings and sufferings, and they bear witness that I cured them in their own homes with the same prescriptions I send you FREE. And I will do more than this for you. If you write at once I will send you, in addition to the prescription, a valuable home medical book containing 192 pages of informatoin for the prevention and cure of diseases in your home. And further than this, If you will give me a complete description of your case I will write you a letter of advice which will greatly assist in your case. All these gifts are free gifts. I can well afford to give them to you because I am successful and you can afford to accept them because I will not accept one cent for them, either now or in the future. They will not be sold to well people at any price but they are free gifts to the sick and discouraged. Even in my financial and professional success I wish to continue my work of curing sick people of their ailments and I, therefore, send these gifts free to those who will appreciate and use them. Do you need my help? Will you accept my free help today? Fill in and mail the coupon below, and the book, prescription and advice which have made my success are yours. If you would GET WELL—NOW—write to me NOW.

Coupon for Free Prescription and Free Book

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 269 Kidd Bldg., FT. WAYNE, IND.

Send me at once, all charges paid, your free prescription for my case and your 192-page medical book—all entirely free to me.

My Name is.....

Address is.....

.....

.....

Age ..... How long afflicted?.....

If your disease is not on the list opposite write the name here

.....

.....

My Principal Trouble Has Been
(Make a cross X in front of your trouble. Two crosses XX in front of the one from which you suffer most.)

—Rheumatism	—Kidney Trouble
—Lumbago	—Bladder Trouble
—Eczema	—Heart Disease
—Scrofula	—Impure Blood
—Catarrh	—Female Troubles
—Dropsy	—Torpid Liver
—Piles	—Partial Paralysis
—Neuralgia	—Chronic Cough
—Diarrhoea	—Nervousness
—Constipation	—Prostatitis
—Indigestion	—Malaria
—Headache	—Pimples
—Dizziness	—Lung Trouble
—Epilepsy	—Asthma

COULD NOT FORGET LOVE IN PURSUIT OF RICHES

St. Louis, Mo., August 22.—David Rankin, Jr., who recently gave all but a sustenance of his $3,000,000 fortune to the David Rankin trades school, which he had recently founded here, died Saturday at Atlantic City. His death was attributed to heart disease and persistent importunities of beggars, but it may have been the malady of love that hastened his death.

A somber romance surrounded the life of this man which he was able to overcome only partially by business activity and application. David Rankin loved as few men love, and neither the marriage nor death of the one he adored altered his devotion.

The girl was Mary Rankin, his first cousin. Late in the '60s she for a time favored his suit, but she was won by his brother, Robert Rankin. Grief tore the heart of the young man when his brother led his love to the altar, and for 16 years David did not speak to his cousin or his brother.

Then Mary Rankin died, and at her grave the two brothers stood together. Bound by their mutual sadness, they were friends again. David made friends with his brother's six children. But this was not to last long, for Robert married Miss Nellie Halliday.

Perhaps to David the marriage seemed a sacrilege. Immediately he went his own way once more and never again passed a word with his brother Robert. As the years passed, the melancholy of his love oppressed him more and more. He did not make friends and had no visitors at his extremely modest home, 511 North Fifteenth street, where he lived for the past five years. Mrs. May Hickman, his housekeeper, said he scarcely spoke except when necessary.

Rankin made his millions in real estate and speculation. Much of his real estate he purchased in the days when values were low and later sold at great profits. He was a Presbyterian and Democrat. He was born in Bowston county, Londonderry, Ireland. He came to St. Louis in 1862.

Have You Hay Fever or Asthma?

We desire to place in the hands of all persons suffering from either of these distressing ailments our pamphlets containing hundreds of bonafide testimonials, received from people who have been benefited and cured in the past by the use of "HIMALYA." We have reliable testimony showing permanent relief to persons who have suffered for years, after all other remedies and change of climate had failed. We do not ask you to rely on our statements as to the merits of "Himalya," but to read the testimony of actual sufferers who have been cured by its use and copies of which will be gladly sent you on application. Those you can verify to the fullest extent, if it be so desired. Himalya can be purchased from all druggists; if not in stock, it can be had through their jobber or wholesaler. We shall be pleased to send a free trial case of Himalya by mail to any sufferer of Hay-Fever or Asthma who is a reader of the Toledo Blade. Write The Himalya Co., 819 Howard st., Detroit, Mich. It costs you nothing to give it a trial.

FARMS CHEATED, SAYS SAVANT

University Dean Declares Farmers Do Wrong in Moving to City.

Champaign, Ill., August 19.—"People cheat the farm of the money it has earned when they take it to the city to live, and they rob their children of te home they sould have," said Dean Eugene Davenport of the college of agriculture of the University of Illinois at the final meeting of the state farmers' institute here yesterday.

"The children of retired farmers in cities become ill," he said. "There never was a time when people were spending money so recklessly. Mortgages on motor cars are running up and machines are running down."

Resolutions were passed calling upon the state to provide plans and equipment necessary for the college. It was also decided that the midsummer institute should become an annual affair.

CHARGES A CONFIDENCE GAME

President of Illinois Central Accuses Former Employes.

Chicago, August 19.—On complaint of President Harahan, of the Illinois Central Railroad Co., warrants were sworn out today against three former officials of the road, charging the obtaining of money by means of a confidence game.

The men named in the warrants are Frank B. Harriman, Charles L. Ewing and John M. Taylor. The warrants are based on alleged information obtained by detectives employed in the so-called million dollar car repair graft.

DOES A NEW AIR FEAT

Moissant Flies Over Channel With Passenger.

Deal, England, August 17.—Carrying his mechanician, Albert, with him as a passenger, Moissant the French aviator, today soared over the English channel from Calais. His trip today is part of a sensational flight from Paris to London.

Never before has an aviator carried a passenger across the channel. It is in many ways the most brilliant performance ever accomplished by an airman.

Moissant is now preparing to continue the trip to London, the completion of which will bring him the cup and prize offered by a London newspaper for the course, and the proceeds of the subscription raised in England for Grahame White, which the unsuccessful competitor in the London-Manchester flight generously offered as a prize for the Paris to London competition.

Latham in Bad Luck.

Hubert Latham, who started from Issy, a suburb of Paris, to race Moissant to London, had a series of unfortunate accidents, the last at Amiens, culminating in the total wrecking of his machine as he was preparing to resume the flight. Latham escaped unhurt, but is out of the race.

The last stage of Moissant's flight, the trip across the channel, was accomplished in a strong channel breeze, the wind being so high that experienced aviators looked upon the start as foolhardy. Such a wind repeatedly deterred Bleriot, Latham and other aviators from attempting the passage of the straits.

SHALENBERGER WIL CONTEST

Defeated Governor Alleges Fraud in Nebraska.

Omaha, Neb., August 22.—On the face of the returns from the Democratic state-wide primaries which are nearly complete in unofficial form, Mayor Dahlman has won the gubernatorial nomination by less than 200 majority over Gov. Shallenberger.

The announcement was made last night that should the official count corroborate these figures, Gov. Shallenberger will contest the nomination. He charges fraud in the vote in Omaha, which gave Dahlman nearly 4,000 majority.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Green Mountain Tea. Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Mailed in sealed envelope if you write at once. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobsen Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

MARRY Book of description and photos mailed sealed. FREE. THE EXCHANGE, Box 829 M. O., Kansas City, Mo.

"PROWLING ABOUT THE PACIFIC." A humorous, witty, and entertaining account of a U. S. Man o' War cruise touching the Hawaiian and Samoan Islands, and Central and South America states. A brilliant and keen analysis of the facts and fables of the naval service; clever, and entirely novel descriptions of persons, places, and customs. Something you have been wanting for a long time. $1.00 postpaid. A. E. Purman, U. S. S. South Dakota, Pacific Fleet, San Francisco, Cal.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

$12.63 will start you in a profitable ostrich plume business. We want to establish agencies. You can easily make from $10 to $25 per day. Write for full particulars. SOUTH AFRICAN IMPORTING CO., 1841-43 Wabash ave., Dept. 204, Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians attended. Greatest discovery of century. No risk, no fighting. Full instructions. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

AN interesting astrological reading containing advice on business, health, love, marriage, friends, enemies, changes, etc., sent for 10 cts. and birthdate. Harrison J. Avers, 331 4th st., Toledo, O.

A SECRET FOR WOMEN will be found in our catalog for rubber and toilet necessities. Send 2-cent stamp. Fairbank Supply House, A. N. Wabash, Chicago.

Ladies, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars, free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

A CURIOUS TURN

BY ELIZABETH

THE more you take notice, the more curious turns you discover in human nature. It is a most interesting study, because it is always changing, and you never get to the end of it. In its infinite variety it never loses its fascination.

No two persons are alike, in spite of the assertion made by the old saying "they are as alike as two peas in a pod." Outwardly, two human beings may be much alike, but when it comes to the ways they have with them, it is there you are sure to strike a difference. However, this difference has not much to do with the case in question. It is one of the curious turns that is to be given consideration.

Like most of the curious turns in human nature, this particular one arises from lack of thought and from the inability to see the other side of a question. There are always two sides, and sometimes more, to every question, and to every human being. Take it from me, you will be much happier and of much more use in the world if you get this truth thoroughly into your system and form the habit of trying to know all sides, and of being sure there is a good side somewhere, though it may be hidden. If you did but know it, great joy lies in laying your hand on the good side, and in making it respond to your touch. It is always there, though sometimes it is hard to bring it awake, but it is a game that is always worth playing.

The curious turn in human nature, which at this moment is the cause for these few remarks, is the mistake that is made by being unhappy because you cannot make those you love best happy in the way you want them to be happy.

There is a fine collection of happys in that sentence, but it is a word from which nothing but good can come, so it does not matter how often it is written or spoken.

If you want to make happy the ones you love, the quickest and surest way is to act happy yourself. Being gloomy because you cannot make others happy is like killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

This is a mistake most prevalent among mothers. They are ambitious for their children. They want to give them more than they have to give, and because they cannot do as they want in these matters, they are unhappy. Instead of being the sunshine of a home or family, they are its shadow.

Of course, those thus afflicted and afflictive do not realize that this is a form of selfishness. With every wish to be unselfish, they are selfishly unhappy because they cannot be unselfish in the way they would like.

None can create happiness being unhappy. No mother can benefit her children by being unhappy about what she cannot do for them. The only way out of this difficulty, is to do the best she can, and make up the deficiency by coming as near as it is possible to the personification of happiness and good cheer.

I know a woman who regularly as Christmas comes around, goes down into the dismal swamp of despond because she cannot give to her children the things she wants them to have. They are all grown and in circumstances which enables them to get all they need for themselves and to have some left over for their mother. They would make Christmas, and every day in the year a joyous occasion for her, only she persists in being miserable, and in making her children miserable, solely because she cannot have her own way about making them happy.

An unusual case, you may think. No, it is not. It is only one of countless just such cases. Without realizing it, you may be one of these cases yourself. Think it over.

As previously written and here repeated: If you want to make happy the ones you love, the quickest and surest way is to act happy yourself. Being gloomy because you cannot make others happy, is like killing the goose that lays the golden egg. So, cheerup.

Well, here's hoping.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Smile and look pleasant.

Beauty of mind is far better than beauty of form or feature. Grace of mind, brings grace of body. The combination is one that cannot be beaten.

Humility is a good thing to practice, but not to the extent that it brings you humiliation.

Many a one who is counted a sinner, is, in reality, a saint.

William Penn said a wise thing in this: "Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand."

When you are on a level road, trot ahead. Forget to be made afraid by your past stumbles over rough places.

Why keep on suffering sorrows and troubles that are past, by thinking and talking of them in the present?

Many a woman seems to take a melancholy pride and pleasure in bragging about the trouble she used to have.

Rough thoughts, rough habits and a rough house are three things you will always find keeping steady company.

In the majority of cases, the fellow who is most to blame for your troubles and perplexities is—Yourself.

Cross words will never get you anything or anywhere.

Well, what if you are deceived in people once in awhile. Can you prove that you never practiced any deception yourself?

A little self-study now and then, is a good thing for both women and men.

Very often the faults you find in others, you may find in yourself, if you will take notice.

Life is not a scene of strife and struggle unless we make it so.

Never to lose patience; never to cease trying; is finally to win success in whatever you are undertaking.

There is nothing like service to others to cure "that lonesome feeling," or whatever distress of mind you may have. The service need not cost you a cent. There are greater things than money.

FROM THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE boy in the picture, who is sitting down, is supposedly the writer of this story. I have an idea his mother wrote it for him, but whichever way it happened, it is a pretty story. I hope you will like it as well as I do.—Elizabeth.

I crawled up on the stand to get the pencil and write while Mamma Audie is busy in the kitchen. Edward is studying the dictionary. He's three, and I'm 16 months. Papa says we're wonderful babies. Mamma Audie says I'm a dear, little, beautiful baby, but papa says I'm so ugly it hurts me.

Mamma and auntie took us to town to get our pictures taken, and the room was upstairs, and they changed our dresses, and they said, "Now laugh, for a birdie is going to fly out;" bue we saw how worried mamma was, so we didn't laugh.

I'll send you a picture, and you'll see how nice I am when I am dressed up and quiet. I don't enjoy being dressed up near as much as going out when it is raining. The other day, mamma left us just a minute, so she told papa, and when she got away Edward opened the door. It was raining lots of water. I saw a nice puddle where the pipe comes down from the roof. I sat down in it and the water came all over my lap. Edward put his feet in, and then mamma came and she was cross and changed our clothes and sat us in chairs. Mammas spoil all the fun.

I crawled under the fence into the barnyard and the colts came and were nosing me to see what I am made of, and papa came and jerked me out and said I didn't have sense enough to be afraid of anything.

When I sit in the rocking chair and rock and think, Mamma says I am thinking of angels, but I am just waiting for her to go out so I can climb on the cupboard and get into the jelly. Edward put his hand into the glass of jelly when mamma took it off the stove.. He jumped and cried, and I laughed because he danced around so.

I hear mamma coming, so I'll hurry. Will come back some more, if you like. —Dicksie, Audie's Boy, Indiana.

DICKSIE AND EDWARD.

Dear Little Friends—I am a girl 14 years of age. I live in South Dakota on a farm with my papa and two sisters, Gladys, aged 16, and Leona, aged 12 years. We have lived out here seven years next fall. It is unusually hot and dry this summer, but other years the crops have been fine. I like to go to school in the winter. I am in the seventh grade. Sometimes we have big blizzards that last three or four days.

We have been taking The Blade almost a year, and I like it very much, especially the home page. Our grandma was out here this summer and stayed a good while. We have eight doves. I have a little bay Welsh pony. Her name is Dolly. She is the pet of the family. I have five little kittens that just have their eyes open. Well, as this is my first letter, I had better not write a too lengthy one. I hope to see this printed, and may come again.—Melba Blount, South Dakota.

Dear Editor of The Blade—I am a girl of 11 years old, and go to school and am in the sixth grade. We have 129 little chickens. I have one brother and one sister. My brother's name is Wayne; my sister's name is Lorene. We have nine little rabbits. They are black, brown and yellow. I have a bird and four goldfish. I wrote a letter two years ago, but have never seen it in print. My teacher's name is Miss Maude Templer. She is a good teacher and I like her. We have a nice garden. I have one grandma. She is 85 years old. I will close hoping to see this letter in print. Yours truly—Fern Kress, Ohio.

Hello, Children—I am going to run in for a short visit. I have been reading your kind letters, and for the first time I thought I would drop in. I live in the country where the fresh air is always stirring, and where everything grows good to eat. I raise chickens and ducks. I have two brothers and one sister. I am very sorry to tell you that I have the whooping cough, and it is pretty severe. This being my first letter to The Blade, I will close.—Clifford Newbrough, West Virginia.

Hello Girls and Boys—I have been reading the children's letters so I thought I would write one, too. I am a boy 14 years old. I live in the country. I have five sisters and two brothers. We raise corn, wheat, tobacco, beans, cabbage, potatoes, oats and tomatoes. We have 141 fruit trees. We have 23 blue plum trees. I have no pets. My father takes The Blade. I am five feet three inches high. I have a wind-wheel. I hope to see this in print. With best wishes.—Marion Conrad, North Carolina.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for:
Health, hapiness and
Good cheer.

PIONEER DAYS

Dear Friends—I have noticed that you admit old people to your Cozy Corner, so if you are willing I should like to come in and have a little chat with old and young, and to give you some reminiscences of our experiences, 40 or 50 years ago. As we are in the afternoon of life we have considerable time to sit in our own cozy corner and read such publications as The Blade, The Outlook, The World Today, Review of Reviews, Christian Herald, our denominational paper, and our local paper which is an up-to-date semi-weekly. About 40 years ago, when our son and daughter were children, we took Our Young Folks, a magazine for young people. It was a most valuable publication, however, for both old and young, with such contributors as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edward Everett Hale, Bayard Taylor, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alice and Phoebe Carey, and other excellent writers. We well remember a continued story on its pages, entitled Good Old Times, which gave the experiences of the New England pioneers, how they wrought and how they lived, and especially of their relations with the Indians.

If it will not make my letter too long, I would like to speak of conditions as they were here in western New York when my father and mother came here in 1823 and settled in this "howling wilderness." My parents were living in Madison county at the time of their marriage and land in that part of the state had already become so high in price that they decided to try their fortunes in a new country.

So my father hired a neighbor to bring them here, which he did, bringing them with their three children and their other belongings at one load, and not a large load at that. When they came there were a few small settlements in the county and roads in the valleys. But my father had to go back where there was no "laid out" roads, about one and a half miles from a cross-roads, and we for years called it "The Corners." There were there, at that time, two or three houses. My father had no farm animals and but very little money, but he and my mother went resolutely to work, to build up a home for themselves and their children. My father went to work with his ax, and they soon had a house built of logs which was comfortable. We bought a pair of calves and they soon grew into a team, and when they got a cow they felt very rich. I have heard my mother say this was the happiest period of her life. How they lived it is hard to tell, but they did live and were very happy, and prosperity attended their efforts. After father had cleared a little land, they kept a few sheep, from which they clothed the family in winter, and they raised flax, from which my mother clothed the family in summer.

In 1834 they were able to build a "frame house." At that time they had eight children, and I remember moving into the new house, but I was only two years and eight months old.

In our living room my mother had her loom, spinning wheels, etc. It was indeed a veritable workshop, the two oldest girls spinning the yarn, my mother weaving, a younger sister winding the quills, and the writer doing chores. But perhaps you will say more than enough for this time.—Western New Yorker.

Thank you, Western New Yorker. Come again.—Elizabeth.

FROM FLORIDA

I thought I would run in this morning and have a short chat about flowers. I love the wild flowers that grow here and help to charm the flower lovers of St. Cloud, the great American wonder colony town of middle Florida.

The Bible says, out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, but justice cannot be done this subject in a short chat. It is thought by many that Florida is a garden of flowers in full bloom all the year. This is a mistake. They do not bloom all the time. Each kind has a resting time, but there being so many different kinds, some are blooming in every month in the year, and they are dreams of beauty. Let us thank God for the wild flowers. They are His own handiwork, and like all His work, are perfect.

I wish friend Elizabeth and all the helpers of the good, old Blade could enjoy the flowers, the climate and the baked fish dinners that are here, as much as I enjoy reading the many good things in The Blade. There are several kinds of fish here. The most plentiful are bass, suckers, and fresh fish. Come and see us, everybody.—Fla. Aligator.

SOUR KROUT

Dear Sisters: As I saw a request for making sour krout, I will send my way. It was given to me by a German neighbor. I have a five gallon jar in which I make my krout. When the cabbage is sliced, I take a scant cup of salt, about a pint, sprinkle a little in the bottom of the jar, over this I put a thick layer of cabbage, and sprinkle it with salt. With a wooden potato masher, I pound this till the juice is on top, then continue with layers of cabbage and sprinklings of salt, till the jar is full and the salt is all gone. Each layer of cabbage is pounded well.

My John made me a cover for my jar out of a thick board. It has a hole in the centre and is a little smaller than the inside of the jar, so the juice comes up around it. I weight this lid down with two stones, one on each side, so the hole in the middle is not covered. When the jar is filled and covered, tie a cloth over the top and set in a warm place. I make mine late in the season when our heater is up, I keep it close by the side of the stove till it is thoroughly worked. When it is sour, I can it, pressing it tightly in the cans until juice rises to the top. Before screwing on the tops of the can, cover with a piece of muslin, sprinkled slightly with cinnamon. This helps to keep the krout. It needs no heating or cooking, and is nicer than if left in the jar, I think.

I will tell you sisters how I preserve the recipes clipped from The Blade. I cut them out and put them in a large envelope. When I have a quantity, I paste them on cardboard, after sorting the recipes. My cardboard strips are made from the top and bottom of shoe boxes. When you want to use the recipes, it is so convenient to take the one you want to the kitchen. I am a long time reader of The Blade and I have received much help from its pages, especially the Household department, so if I can make any returns by sending some of my tried recipes, I shall be pleased to do so.—Sister Bertha, Iowa.

A WORD FROM SALLIE

I like to give justice to all. Complaining does no good, but I do not think the wife and mother gets a fair show. She tends to things all week and on Sunday must cook "Bill's" hot dinner, so she cannot go to church, or to see Ma or Sister Jane, because "Bill," and the team are tired, and she cannot walk and carry the baby.

Now, my mother died when I was small, and my two sisters are thousands of miles away. My "Bill" milks every morning, cooks, churns, and washes clothes when necessary. I can harness the team, hitch to my buggy, and drive where I wish to go, taking part of our six children, and leaving some to help "Bill" keep house. I have no personal "kick" coming, but I often feel like kicking for some women I know, and I do not like men who "won't do women's work."

I have a fine garden and some lovely house flowers. Will some sister tell me how to save them over winter. I cannot keep so many in the sitting room. With best wishes to all.—Sister Sallie.

Sister Sally: You make a noise like something ferce, but I don't believe it's true.—Elizabeth.

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

Mrs. K., Missouri: My mother says all you have to do to keep your ears oven from rusting is to light the burner under it and dry it out.—Elizabeth.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondents are doing very well, thank you, and keep on doing better. Much obliged.—Elizabeth.

Whatever may be your trouble or woe, always remember that every lane has its turning. Here's hoping.

A fine rain has done the peach crop a "whole lot" of good, here in the Lake Erie country.

Recent arrivals in the letter line are from L. A. G., Mrs. I. Hickey, Mrs. William Reimann, Mrs. L. M. L., A Loving Sister, Edgar Hudson, Grandmamma, Mary Wyatt, and Billie of Old Kalamazoo.

Please remember I want you to sign your real names to your letters, though they need not be published, and I want you to write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope in which you put your letters. Here's to you.—Elizabeth.

Chutneys and Catsups

INGREDIENTS FOR MAKING APPLE CUSTARD.

It's the time o' year for preserving and making bottled goods that shall carry into winter, some of summer's fragrance and flavor.

Catsups every housekeeper knows about, but chutneys are not such familiar acquaintances. Chutney is of Indian origin, and in India it is a standard dish. The following receipes and the picture with which they are illustrated, are taken from Pictorial Review for September. The recipes will be found excellent.

Grape Catsup—Grape catsup is excellent to serve with meats. Pick and wash the grapes, put them in a stoneware jar and set the jar over the fire in a deep pan of boiling water. When the seeds are loosened, put through a sieve, taking care that all the pulp goes through. To five pounds of pulp allow three pounds of sugar, two cupfuls of vinegar, and a teaspoouful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Return to the fire and cook slowly until as thick as desired. Seal in bottles, soaking the corks in hot water and forcing into the bottles as far as possible. Cover with sealing wax while still hot. When cold put away in a cool, dry place, lying the bottles on their sides.

Apple Catsup—Wipe, core, pare and quarter sixteen large cooking apples. Put them into a saucepan, just cover with water, bring slowly to the boiling point, simmer until quite tender, then rub through a sieve. To each gallon of strained tomatoes allow four cupfuls of apple pulp add the following: Mix one heaping teaspoonful of white pepper, one and a quarter cupfuls of sugar, teaspoonful each of cloves, mustard and allspice, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one level tablespoonful of salt, add one large grated onion and two and a half cupfuls of cidar vinegar. Add all to apple pulp and bring slowly to the boiling point, then allow it to simmer one and a quarter hours, and seal while hot.

Goosberry Chutney — Four pounds green gooseberries (not too ripe), half an ounce of red pepper, two ounces of garlic, two ounces dried ginger, three pounds of lump sugar, two ounces mustard seed, and two quarts best vinegar. Put the berries, when picked over, into a preserving kettle with one quart of vinegar and sugar and simmer for an hour. Pound the seeds, garlic, etc., in a mortar, and add to the berries, stirring with a wooden spoon. When well mixed, add more vinegar until the mass is of the proper consistency. Allow to cool and then it is ready to bottle.

Green Tomato Chutney—Chutney of green tomatoes is a most delicious conserve—one that is by no means difficult to make. For each peck of tomatoes allow eight large onions; slice them all; sprinkle rather freely with salt, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Next day strain off the liquor; put the vegetables into a large saucepan, sprinkling in with them a quarter of a pound of white mustard seeds, a quarter of a pound of ground mustard, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, and one ounce each of black pepper, cinnamon, allspice, cloves, mace and ginger. Add enough vinegar to cover, and heat gradually, almost up to boiling point, till the vegetables are tender. It is now ready to seal in wide-mouthed bottles or jars.

Tomato Catsup—Select bright scarlet tomatoes, firm and not over ripe. To half a bushel of fruit allow halt a pint of salt. Slice the tomatoes (they do not need to be peeled), add the salt, and cook in a porcelain kettle until soft. Strain through a coarse sieve to remove skins and seeds. To each gallon of strained tomatoes allow a tablespoonful each of red pepper, cinnamon, cloves and white ginger, one teaspoonful each mustard and grated horseradish and a quart of vinegar. Boil until thick, stirring often. Add the spices about fifteen minutes before taking from the fire and the vinegar when cold.

Cucumber Catsup—Select large, firm cucumbers, and after paring and removing the seeds grate them. Drain the pulp and to each two and a half cupfuls allow half a cupful of vinegar, half a cupful of tarragon vinegar, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of red pepper and paprika, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of celery salt and five tablespoonfuls of horseradish. Mix well, pour into jars, and seal securely.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Good Morning, M. G. R.'s—Today I shall try to give a description of the fortieth anniversary celebration of New Sweden, which was held June 25 of the present summer, in commemoration of the founding of the town, by W. W. Thomas, former minister to Sweden.

The celebration exercises were in a beautiful grove, where the trees gave welcome shade to the assembled thousands. Music was furnished by two bands and singing by a choir of school children. After an address of welcome, there was an oration by Father Thomas, as he is called by the people. In turn, he fondly calls them, "My children in the woods." His address was familiar and fatherly and included a review of those early times when the first 51 settlers left Gothenberg in June, 1870, landing at Halifax, and of the journey across Nova Scotia and up the St. John and Aroostook rivers.

Mr. Thomas' address was followed with speeches by several other men, including Governor Fernald's representative, and the Swedish vice consul from Boston.

From that small beginning in 1870 the Swedish population of New Sweden and five adjoining towns number possibly four thousand. Almost all of them are engaged in agriculture, which here means raising potatoes. The first 20 years were spent mostly in cutting down the forest trees.—Dirigo, Maine.

While I was reading the M. G. R. corner of The Blade the other morning I came across a call for letters on picnics, so I will venture to give an account of one of mine which took place in June. A party of "we folks" started fishing one morning, intent upon having a good time. There were just eight of us. We planned to drive to Rock Valley, some 14 miles from my home, so we hitched a team of colts to a big wagon and started early in the morning. We gathered our crowd as we went. The drive was lovely. While, for the most part, it was up hill, then down, and then through ordinary farming land, we passed through some fine woods. The prettiest part of our drive began just about a mile from our destination, where we crossed a large bridge and then entered the timber. All of you who have been fortunate enough to visit the woods know how fresh and sweet is their smell, and while the wild flowers bloom their fragrance makes it doubly sweet.

After driving on a short distance farther we came to a gateway on the edge of a deep precipice. A big bank rose up on the left side of the road; on the right, it was down, down to the lake. Here our drive ended. Lines were fixed and to fishing we went.

While you are imagining the rest of the party fishing I will give you a brief description of that beautiful lake and its surroundings. First I will tell you how the lake was made. Years ago there was a large limestone quarry where the lake is now. On the north side of the lake stands a rock-crushing plant, but the plant having been vacated so long the buildings are nearly covered with ivy and it gives them a lovely appearance.

The quarry, I have been told, was abandoned on account of the water rising too fast to be pumped out of the workmen's way. On the south side of the ledge a large bank rises about a hundred feet. It reminds me of a wall, it is so straight, so high and so white, except where it is covered with ivy. You can imagine it is beautiful.

This is about enough of description, I think, and now to our dinner, which was all a picnic dinner should be. After dinner we fished again, and everything was fine, till about 4 o'clock, when, from the clouds that had been slowly gathering, down came the rain. I suppose some of you wonder did it rain hard. Well, it you had been there you would verify my statement when I say it poured. We waited for more than an hour in the driveway of that old rock-crushing plant and still it rained, but we were nervous and started home, with our thoughts running on ahead to those slippery hills. Were we a pretty crowd? I cannot say. I did not try to see, only I know that one of our crowd wore an old black hat, trimmed with red roses, that faded and ran down her face, quite disfiguring it. Laugh, if you want to. I did. The color not only ran down her face, but splashed on those around her. It seems to me that another one put her hat in the wagon and put on an old blue, faded sunbonnet, much to the merriment of the rest and it seems like, too, it was the lady who did the writing while the rest fished. Just as we drove in home, lo and behold, the rain stopped and the sun went down pleasantly. It is needless to say our acquaintances along the road were bold enough to make remarks at the top of their voices as we went splashing by, but we had a plenty of fish and little we cared. With best wishes to you all.—Gladys from the Wild Rose State, Iowa.

Dear M. G. R.'s—As I have always had a back-seat in the "Merry Circle" I now come to the front. I live in the state of West Virginia on a farm of 100 acres. I have been living on a farm for only two years and about six months, but I like the farm best. The men are now mowing the hay and gathering it into the barns. How many know what it is to be in the country at hay harvest? Mamma is away at the hospital, and I have to cook for the men. I am 15 years young, as some of the members say, so you see it is quite a task, but I enjoy it. We keep two cows and three horses. We have sheep, too.

Now I will tell you how I look. I have dark brown hair and brown eyes. I am five feet two inches and one-half tall. I would like to know some of the M. G. R. friends, and if any of them come this way they shall be welcomed here. I go to Sunday school at Eureka and like my teacher very much and also the scholars.

Well, as this is my first letter, I will close, signing my own real name.—Lena Mae Owens, West Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

Here's hoping you are all well and happy.

Everybody be nice, and bright, and pleasant, every day in the week.

I'm thinking we've been having pretty good letters right along. There are more good letters in reserve, and there are more good letters on the road to Bladeville.

I'm pleased to register this M. G. R. mail from: Elsa A. Conrad, Mildred Honerker, Miss Ouri, Farmer's Boy, R. H. Poston, A Wild Rose from West Virginia, Mrs. M. E. Cuneo, A North Country Farmer, A Hoosier Strawberry, and Cora Dell Ford.

Remember to sign your real names to your letters, otherwise it's to the waste basket for you.

FORGET AND REMEMBER.

Forget as many disagreeable things as you can.

Forget all gossip as soon as you hear it, or before.

Forget doubts and fears, and remember hopes and faith.

Forget your failures and remember your successes.

Forget to do any one an injury, but remember to do every one a kindness.

Forget all the evil people of history, and remember the good ones who have made the world better.

Forget your own gloomy moods and remember your brightest hours and your noblest visions.—Selected.

POETS' CORNER

LEONA

By James G. Clark.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now as the slumbers of night
Come o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain half-lifted revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land:
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet,
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And we wondered how spirits could cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a bird on the wing,
To a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come near to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow,
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have lived from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too gen'rous and true,
For their hate to o'erthrow when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling so deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love and the lips that we kiss
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith I am taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope I have struggled and fought
With the legions of sin till my armour has caught
The gleam of eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold!
From headland, from hillside and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold,
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
The sunset's red glory again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
And shall rise in a limitless way.

Oh come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom,
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn,
Which bind me to you and to earth;
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn,
In the flowers of the beautiful home, to return
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay
And walk to your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of heaven is beginning to play—
Life-shadows are meeting eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye, should the grief
That is gathering now ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember the journey though lonesome is brief,
O'er lowland and river to me.

PASSING AWAY

By Mrs. Hemans.

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array;
Read what these buds disclose—
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft, blue summer day;
It is traced in nature's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart:
Alas! that thus decay
Should claim from love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends, friends, oh! shall we meet
Where the spoiler finds no prey?
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
With the thoughts that in them lay,
When we meet above the skies
Which pass away?

Of, if this may be so,
Speed, speed each passing day;
How blest from earth's vain show
To pass away.

SING ME TO SLEEP

Author Unknown.

Sing me to sleep, the shadows fall,
Let me forget the world and all,
Tired is my heart, the day is long,
Would it were time for even-song;
Sing me to sleep your hand in mine,
Our fingers as in prayer entwined,
Only your voice, love, let me hear,
Singing to tell me you are near.

CHORUS:

Love, I am lonely, years are so long,
I want you only, you and your song;
Dark is life's shore, the night is deep;
Leave me no more, love, sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep, love, you alone
Seem to be left me for mine own;
Haply my heart will know no pain,
When I awake from sleep again;
Sing me to sleep and let me rest,
Of all the world I love you best;
Nothing is faithful, nothing true,
In heaven or earth but God and you.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

This is a day for happy feelings. I'll try to have enough to make them last through the week.

MONDAY

Whether I make a noise like work or play today, I shall try to set it to the tune, Oh, be joyful.

TUESDAY

Let me remember that cheerfulness and patience will overcome difficulties that crossness and impatience make worse.

WEDNESDAY

Whocver I am; wherever I am, I may be a good example for somebody.

THURSDAY

The less I think of my troubles and sorrows, the smaller they will grow.

FRIDAY

Trouble lessens as it takes its flight. Then why do I clip its wings by holding trouble in my heart?

SATURDAY

I'll forget the unpleasant things, if there were unpleasant things in the week that is past, and remember only those that were pleasant. It may be, I can acquire this habit. Here's hoping.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

Author Unknown.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said good-bye.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp-ground;
Many are lying near—
Some are dead, and some are dying—
Many are in tears.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

OUR DIVERSE CITIZENS

By A. De Marconay.

Met a feller t'other mornin'—
Most amusin' sort o' cuss;
Had a curious style about him,
Cert'nly couldn't well be wuss—
I says: "Whur you hail fm, pardner?"
An' he smiled in a knowin' way,
An' replied in forren lingo:
"Porto Rico, U. S. A."

Seen a feller down on Broadway,
With a shockin' head of hair,
An' a lot o' tropic garments,
An' a most outlandish air.
"Whur's he frum?" a feller shouted;
An' before we'd time to say,
This yere heathen turned an' snarled:
"Honeyluler, U. S. A."

Met a feller here on Sansome,
With a somber-re-ro on;
Had a lot o' shaggy whiskers,
Nearly all his clothes wus gone.
Stopped an' ast me fur a qua'tar;
Says: "My home is fur away."
"Whur you frum?" the varmint snarled,
"Santiago, U. S. A."

Seen a feller down the Southern,
With a heavy iron box,
Overcoat was lined with bearskin,
Wore a dozen pair o' sox.
Sized him up to be er miner,
Judgin' by his awkward way;
Seen him write in big char-ac-ters,
"Circle City, U. S. A."

Seen a saddle-colored heathen,
Wearin' earrings in his nose,
Linen cuffs around his ankles,
Most indecent lack o' clothes.
"Whur'd this heathen guy here spring frum?"
I inquired in a lofty way,
An' he had the nerve to answer,
"From Manila, U. S. A."

Hully gee! I never heard of
These yere cannibals before,
Afr these heathen also voters?
Will we stan' fur eny more?
An' when next you ask a feller
Whur he's frum, say, he's bound to say,
With a lordy kind o' flourish,
"All creation, U. S. A."

POEMS REQUESTED

You poetry friends: Please take into consideration there are several thousands of you who are clamoring for verse. I cannot answer all the calls in a month or in a year, but I am doing the best I can. The Blade does not publish poems about crimes of criminals, and I reserve the right to bar out gloomy stuff when I am so inclined. It does you harm, rather than good, to read those things. Believe me.—Elizabeth.

Josiah Allen's poem entitled A Victim to Particulars, is wanted. It begins: I've been bed-sick and very bad, and pains and chills and aches I've had.

A Song of 1812, called Scoot the Veteran, is asked for. It is a dialogue between General Putnam and a private soldier.

Here are lines belonging to some requested verses:
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so true.

The old poem call Paraoh's Daughter is much wanted. Here are some lines:
When Pharaoh's daughter stepped down to the water.

An old Masonic song which one of our friends is anxious to secure begins:
For kingdoms have quarrels for conquest and laurels.

The poem entitled The Chopper's Child is wanted. It begins:
The smoke of Indian summer darkened and doubled the rill.
It is thought to be by Alice Carey.

The verses to which this line belongs are wanted:
When from off earth shall cease strong drink.

This poetry is wanted: Isle of Long Ago, by Taylor; Whisper and I Shall Hear, by Newcombe; and An Old Sweetheart of Mine, by Riley.

An old soldier wants the poem beginning, Oh, bury me not on Chickamauga.

TELL HIM SO.

Don't be afraid to praise people. It is all very well to say that it hurts a boy or a man or a woman to praise, there may be those who do their best work without encouragement, but let us remember that nearly all of us who live on this earth are human beings and human beings work best when encouraged.

It is a great mistake not to tell people when you are satisfied with them. If the cook sets before you a dinner fit for a king tell her so.

Don't be too lofty to praise the office boy if his work is commendable. Tell him so.

It is harder for some people to give praise than it is for them to give money. Many a generous man is a very niggard of praise.

Do you like to be praised yourself? Then depend upon it the other fellow will like it.

Pour the oil of encouragement on the wheels of progress and watch the whirl.

I'm not advocating soft soap or flattery or gush. No one likes to be gushed at, and any fool can tell flattery from the real thing. But when a man has made a hit with you, tell him so. He may die before you get another chance, or you may die yourself.

It takes quality to appreciate quality, so when you praise a thing you are really offering a compliment to yourself. Doesn't that appeal to you? What nothing move you? Will you let all the good things in life pass you by, and you as mum as a dead owl?

Wake up, man! Watch out for a chance to praise some one, admit to your own self that you like what he has done, and then——

Tell him so!—Charles Battell Loomis in Smith's Magazine.

Sent on Approval. Send no Money. $2.00
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH
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MANAGUA FALLS

Nicaraguan Revolution Has Ended and Gen. Estrada Is Declared President of the Republic.

New Orleans, La., August 22.—Managua has fallen. The Nicaraguan revolutionists have finally reached the goal for which they have been fighting for 10 months. President Madriz did not flee. He remained in the capital city until the last. Cablegrams to this effect were received here this afternoon.

"Jose Dolorez Estrada today issued a proclamation declaring his brother, General Juan J. Estrada, president of the reunited Republic of Nicaragua. Revolutionists are pouring into Managua. Situation alarming."

This cablegram was received from Managua this afternoon by Harvey Smith, who served the Madriz government here as consul general.

The army of Madriz is on the run, the high officials of the government which Zelaya established and left in care of his friend, Dr. Jose Madriz, are leading the rout. The mercenaries of the defunct government, after thrashing around Managua for a day looting and pillaging, have taken to the woods. The war in Nicaragua is over.

The following is the official statement given out last night by Assistant Secretary of State Wilson:

Official Word.

A telegram sent via Tegucigalpa, Honduras, by Mr. Olivarez, the consul at Managua, under date of August 19, 2 a. m., confirms the fact that the army of the Estrada faction defeated the troops of the Madriz faction on the 16th inst. and effected a crossing of the Tipitapa river. The consul also states that it was reported that the Estrada forces south of the Granada had inflicted a severe defeat upon a strong column of Madriz troops in that neighborhood and that it seemed to be the unanimous public opinion at Managua that the power of Madriz was steadily weakening and that his overthrow might be momentarily expected. There was much apprehension at Managua, owing to the probability of an attack, since the contending armies were only 20 miles away.

Invaders Cross Country.

"From another telegram from the consul, also dated the 19th, at 1 p. m., it apepars that the entire invading army of the Estrada faction had crossed the Tipitapa river. Gen. Toledo, who commanded the Madriz forces on the Tipitapa river, had already reached Managua and reported that his troops were seized with panic and fled when attacked by the Estrada forces on the 18th, some of the routed troops going to Granada and other having already arrived at Managua. The consul mentions a current report that houses in Granada had been sacked by the Madriz troops and that the city was then being assaulted by the Estrada forces.

TORTURED BY ECZEMA

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee. Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills. I used them in the morning and that evening I used them again and the improvement, even in those few hours, was surprising, the inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema. I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1823 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909."

A REAL PORTIA AT 75

Woman Argues Against 15 Lawyers.

Atlanta, Ga., August 19.—Mrs. W. H. Felton, despite her seventy-five years and white hair, has made a brilliant Portia today when she appeared before the State Railroad commision to argue single-handed in opposition to the briefs of fifteen corporation attorneys. Mrs. Felton is the widow of Representative Felton and is widely known in the south through her writings.

She advocated today the replacing of a switch which the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had removed at Feltonia, Ga. With almost the ease of a maintenancve of way man she discussed the intricacies of siding rights, tapping ore lands and railroad claims.

She declared that it was unfair for the railroad to remove the switch after receiving free from the Felton estate $2,000 worth of right of way. She cross-examined the attorney who made the closing argument for the railroad and who argued that the switch had not paid for its keeping.

When the case was finished Mrs. Felton exclaimed.—

"Well think of a women seventy-five years old going before a commission against fifteen lawyers of a railroad company. And I believe I've whipped them."

The commission reserved decision.

CHOLERA IS NOW A WORLD MENACE

Berlin, August 20.—With all Europe standing guard against the spread of cholera from Russia and southwestern Italy, and with the United States taking additional precautions to prevent the sailing for American ports of immigrants suffering from the disease, the epidemic has become an international menace.

The disease unquestionably was introduced to Italy from Russia and apprehension of a further spread of the epidemic is sure to result from the flight of thousands of the terror-stricken inhabitants of the cities along the Adriatic.

Cases of cholera already have been reported in Austria, and only the most rigid quarantine and sanitary precautions can prevent the scourge gaining a foothold in other countries on the continent.

Calls Cabinet Meeting.

Italy convoked a cabinet meeting yesterday at which plans were made to fight the scourge; the German government has issued most stringent orders looking toward the inspection at German ports of all vessels from Odessa, Russia. Two American medical health officers have been hurried to Naples and another inspector is on watch at Libau, the only point where Russian emigrants may sail direct for the United States.

The American State department has requested the Russian government to detain in quarantine all immigrants bound for America for five days, and also to insist upon thorough inspection and disinfection of baggage.

Italy in Panic.

While more than 50,000 persons have died of cholera in Russia, the people there are not showing the excitement manifested in Italy. Scourges are an old story in Russia. In southwestern Italy the people are fleeing from their homes, half of the population of Trani, a city of 40,000 on the Adriatic, has fled, and it is feared the refugees will spread the disease through the country.

There have been nineteen new cases within the past twenty-four hours at this town, and twelve deaths reported. Thousands also have escaped from the island town of Barletta.

The latest cases reported are: Three cases and one death at Andria, three deaths at Barletta, one case and one death at Margherita, Savoia, one case and no deaths at Cerignola, one death at Trinitapoli, two cases and one death at Biscoglie and one case and one death at Bitonto.

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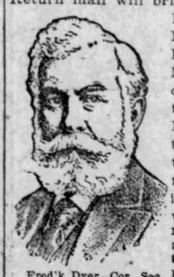
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TOY PISTOL A WEAPON

But "Savage Seven" Said to Have Done $10,000 Hurt to Homes.

New York, August 22.—Seven boys, ranging in age from 6 to 14 years and known as the "Savage Seven," were rounded up yesterday afternoon by detectives from police headquarters in the hallway of No. 139 West End avenue, one tin soldier, one tin cannon, one tin sentryhouse and a bunch of dime novels, descriptive of Wild West holdups and exploits, figured in the captured loot.

According to the police the band has caused over $10,000 damage to the residences of Thomas Purcell, No. 258 West Seventy-fifth street, and Edward Davis, of 301 West Eighty-fourth street, on whose joint complaints the lads were arrested.

Purcell declared that over $5,000 damage had been caused by the persons who had entered his home. He said that when he had returned from the country he found a barrel of flour scattered all over the kitchen, his parlor wrecked, while in the bedrooms the persons who had entered the house had engaged in pillow fights and the linen was torn and beds broken.

Detectives Stapleton, Hughes, Hymans and Geary were led to suspect some youngsters known as the "Savage Seven," who have a hangout at No. 139 West End avenue.

Rounded Up the "Seven."

They swooped down on the band and arrested Joseph E. Kelly, 6 years old; John McConnell, 12; Charles Ratty, 10; Peter Bishop, 13; Herman Greenwald, 14, and James Waters, 12, and William Horton.

The first four boys were charged with entering Purcell's apartments, while the remaining three were taken in, charged with entering and ransacking Davis' home.

When 6-year-old Joe Kelly was searched, the tin soldier, cannon and sentry box were found in his possession.

After young Ratty was arrested he was closely questioned by the detectives and made a complete confession. Detective Stapleton avers. He stated last night that Ratty told him that the gang detailed tiny Joe Kelly to effect entrance to the house by squeezing through the coal hole. Kelly would then open the doors and let in the other members of the band.

"Gee whiz, but it's too bad we were caught," said Charles Ratty last night. "We were having a swell time up in that millionaire neighborhood. At Purcell's we opened up wine and had a spread and while we were drinking, one of the bunch brought up a bicycle from the cellar and rode around the dining room like a circus rider."

A Wild West Hold Up.

On August 7, James Waters, aged 10 years, and Percy Dougherty, aged 12, both of No. 139 West End avenue, were arrested after they had held up Charles Lucas, of No. 153 West End avenue in true western fashion. The lads had crawled over the housetops and down a fire escape and into the kitchen of Lucas's home. He had been asleep, and, wakening, discovered the boys. Waters pointed a toy pistol at him and exclaimed: "Hands up! We are desperate! We want money to go to Coney Island, so fork it over!"

Lucas took both boys over his knee and spanked them. Then he took them to the West Sixty-eighth street station. Dougherty was sent to the juvenile institution while Waters was paroled.

Edward Davis, who is a cotton broker, and whose residence is at the corner of West End avenue and Eighty-fourth street, told a reporter last night that the vandals who had entered his home had caused several thousand dollars' worth of damage. They had secured an axe in the cellar and had gone through the house smashing furniture and chopping down doors. He said the intruders had also tried to break open a safe in his library.

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THRONE IS TOTTERING

Plot Is Unearthed to Overthrow King and Government of Portuguese.

Lisban, August 22.—The newspapers print alarming reports of an alleged plot of the clerical party for the overthrow of the Portuguese government and the establishment of a military dictatorship.

The Seculo says the clerical party's strong and growing dissatisfaction with the liberal policy of the government has culminated in the organization of a revolution to overthrow the administration, seize its members and set up a military dictatorship, the first object of which will be to stamp out the Republicans. El Mundo says that several regiments have joined the movement and that the Duke of Oporto, the heir apparent to the Portuguese throne, while at the Casino at Cascades Saturday night was apprised of this fact and took refuge in the fortress. The paper says also that the alarm is general and that the military and naval forces are under arms night and day.

King Not at Lisbon.

While the government refuses to give out any information, either confirming or denying the reports, it continues to take the strongest precautions. King Manuel is at Bussaco mountain, near Coimbra. The government is greatly disturbed over the intense activity of the Republicans in preparing for the general elections, which are to be held next Sunday.

The candidates for office, many of them men of prominence, including officers of the army and navy, have entered every constituency in the country. The authorities have searched the homes of a number of Republicans and have found stores of arms and ammunition. It is known that a quantity of rifles and revolvers daily are being smuggled into the country across the Spanish frontier and that the Republicans now are well armed. It is feared that the elections will be marked by disturbances.

Trouble With Papacy.

No explanation has been vouchsafed by the government as to why it considers the papal nuncio at Lisbon, by Msgr. Dr. J. Tonti, objectionable. The semi-official communication published Saturday said that the Portuguese charge d'affairs to the vatican had explained the situation to the pope.

Despite the silence of the government, it is understood that the trouble between it and Msgr. Tonti had its origin in the campaign of clericals following the government's censuring of the archbishop of Braga early this month for suppressing a Portuguese Franciscan newspaper without submitting the order to the Portuguese government for approval, and because of alleged action of the vatican in placing difficulties in the way of the appointment of an ambassador to the vatican.

YANKEE SKIPPER GAVE ITS NICKNAME TO "OLD GLORY"

Boston, Mass., August 23.—"Old Glory," a soubriquet of the flag, was given off hand by a Massachusetts skipper, Captain William Driver, of Salem, who sailed form the Witch Salem in December, 1831, and bore the flag with its Stars and Stripes to the South Sea Islands.

The after history of this same flag during the dark days of the civil war and the final position it attained as the national emblem floating over the captured city of Nashville are sequels to the story.

It was when Captain William Driver was about to sail from Salem on the brig Charles Doggett that a young woman presented him with the colors that today are carefully preserved in the Essex Institute. When this beautiful flag was sent aloft fluttering from the halyards Captain Driver said:—"There's Old Glory!" And the name has remained.

The cruise on which the flag was first flown was, in itself, of the greatest moment. The chronicler of the voyage writes of it:—

"The Charles Doggett left the port of Salem on this voyage December, 1831, in a most terrible snowstorm. Captain Driver himself took the wheel, which till safely out of the storm he left but once, and that was to kick his only stove into the sea, which had overturned in one of the lurches of the ship, and thus was in danger of setting the ship on fire.

"His mate, having on low shoes, complained of cold feet. Captain Driver, considering he could not spare him long enough to go below for a pair of boots, kicked off his own shoes for the mate to put on. Thus the captain himself stood at his post without his stocking feet.

"Nothing of interest occurred until he neared Cape Brett, when he encountered a second storm; again Captain Driver took the wheel, and for six days and five nights beating off the cape. The gale was strong and the current southerly, and more, the ship was short of water.

Anchored at Cannibal Island.

"On the sixth day, at about midnight, he decided to anchor at New Zealand, which island was inhabited by cannibals and runaway English convicts from Sydney, Australia.

"All hands needed rest, particularly Captain Driver, but he well knew with whom he had to deal, having been there before, it being probable that as soon as they cast anchor the natives and convicts would steal on board for plunder and murder, but after must be had and a risk must be taken.

"The Captain had the decks cleared of everything, such as lead, iron and whatever might attract attention, and the guns placed below, but the cannon, a large one, was moved next to the windlass and loaded to the muzzle. A mate now went on watch and was told to keep a sharp lookout on both sides of the bridge and not let even one canoe come alongside, even if he had to sweep the deck with the cannon. The captain went below to take his much needed rest. The mate, never having been in that region before must have looked only dead ahead of him instead of all about, as ordered, for soon, noiselessly, about two hundred natives and Botany Bay men were aboard the brig. The captain heard them as soon as they were on deck, and rushed to the cannon touched it off, thus sweeping the decks fore and aft with shell.

Chief Only Remained.

"The savages in great confusion dropped into the water, not stopping to take even their mats and war clubs with them, but their chief, Titirah, remained in the face of the captain, showing fight.

"The captain held him quite under cover of his horse pistols (as he called them), one in each hand, and a dirk between his teeth, at which the chief only gleamed and smiled.

"In his own language, which astonished the chief more than his weapons, Captain Driver informed him that he would give him just five minutes to clear the decks or he could take the consequences.

"To this Titirah only laughed aloud and seated himself comfortably on the companionway, showing that he had come to stay, and proposed doing so.

"Captain Driver, in English, then gave orders down the companionway to uncollar a savage bulldog that was chained right under where the chief sat. The dog, with a fearful bound and a bark, seized the chief by the leg, tearing the flesh till the blood ran in a stream. He begged that the dog be called off and chained and he would leave. Accordingly Captain Driver called the dog to him and the chief instantly sprang into the sea, swimming to the canoes, which were fully a mile ahead of the ship.

"The savages were not again seen, and they never forgot Captain Driver or his dog, which was learned by others who encountered them, for bad scars were carried by the chief to the end of his life."

Fired on by Rebels.

Such were some of the exciting events on the ship over which Old Glory first floated, but as the years passed and the Stars and Stripes became known the world over this incident might have been forgotten had it not been for the fact that Captain Driver settled in Nashville. At the beginning of the civil war he displayed the flag from the window of his home and it was fired upon. Afterward he kept it hidden until on February 27, 1862, General Nelson appeared at Nashville with a division of the Union army. Captain Driver then presented Old Glory to General Nelson to be hoisted over the capitol. When it was raised there an eyewitness reports Captain Driver as saying:

"There, those Texas Rangers have been hunting for that there flag for six months without finding it, and they knew I had it. I have always said if I could see it float over that capitol I should have lived long enough; now Old Glory is unfurled I'm ready to die."

PATIENCE IS REWARDED

Chinese Tong Leader Killed After Lying in Hiding Six Months.

New York, August 18.—For six months Chu Him, a member of the Four Brothers society, feared to put his nose outside the door of his restaurant, at No. 11 Doyers street, lest he be killed by the hatchet men of the On Leong Tong. At 7 o'clock last night he took a chance. He had not gone five feet from the door of his establishment before he was shot and killed.

Two members of the On Leong Tong were arrested five minutes later, charged with the murder of Chu Him. In Chinatown it was said that the shooting was likely to be followed by other deaths, and that the killing of Chu Him furnished a basis for the resumption of the tong war in which several Chinese were killed last winter.

When that was at its height one of the chief advisers of the Four Brothers was Chu Him. He was often at the Four Brothers headquarters at No. 22 Pell street. He was supposed to be high in the war councils of the tong. After Captain Hodgins, of the Elizabeth street station, had put the iron hand on the shooting business in Chinatown and the tongs had agreed to suspend hostilities Chu Him felt that the general amnesty had nothing to do with him.

So he immured himself in his restaurant in the arcade which runs from Doyers to Mott street. It is surrounded by business places run by men friendly to Chu Him. He thought he was safe there. A hostile hatchet man could hardly pass the watchful neighbors without being detected. Chu Him ate and slept in his restaurant, received visitors there and was excused from going outside to return calls.

Met Death Watch Outside.

Business was dull with him last night. Tiring of the silence of his living room he walked to the door of the restaurant. One of his oldest friends stood in front of a tea garden across the way. The friend waved his hand to Chu Him and Chu Him waved back.

Chu Him started to walk over to his friend of the tea garden. He went a few steps when he fell dead. Two Chinese who had shot at him from the end of the arcade turned and ran away. They were two of the On Leong Tong death watch which was set on Chu Him six months ago and which had been on duty ever since. The sound of the four shots brought a crowd of sightseers and Chinese, but Chu Him, who had been shot through the heart, was beyond the reach of ambulances.

The hunt for his murderers began with Sergeant Stevenson and Policeman Young in the lead. They were guided by Lau Wing, a Four Brothers man, who lives at No. 23 Pell street. He took the policemen to the headquarters of the On Leong Tong, at No. 14 Mott street. There, standing on the sidewalk and with as little concern in their faces as if they had never heard of Chu Him and his sudden taking off, were Tom Yuen, of No. 26 Mott street, and Lee Fat, of No. 15 Mott street.

"They did him," said the guide briefly. "I saw them."

Tom Yuen and Lee Fat were arrested, charged with the murder.

Extra policemen were sent into the district, but there was no further trouble during the night. To predict that this peaceful condition will continue and that the killing of Chu Him will be allowed to go unpunished by his tong was more than the police cared to attempt.

Captain Hodgins, who made the tongs be good the last time they went on the warpath, is on his vacation. His place at Elizabeth street station is taken by Acting Captain Von Diezelski. By applying some of the Hodgins repressive measures the acting captain hopes to keep the aftermath of the Chu Him shooting within bounds.

SHAFT TO JOHN BROWN

German-American Alliance Also Discusses Liquor Issue.

Akron, August 22.—Eight thousand people attended the dedication of a monument of John Brown in Perkins park, once a part of Brown's farm Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the German-American alliance of Ohio.

Two thousand participated in the parade of German societies and military and civic bodies. Jason Brown, aged 86, son of John Brown, and Charles Brown, Jason Brown's son, both of Akron, attended the cermonies and had places on the platform. Jason Brown spoke his thanks, but very feebly, as he was almost overcome by emotion.

John Brown's grandson also thanked the Germans for the monument (stone) which was presented to the city by Captain George Billow of this city, who spoke in behalf of the alliance. The acceptance was by Mayor W. T. Sawyer. Governor Harmon was represented by C. H. Wirmel, of Columbus. Senator Charles Dick and State President John Schwaab of the alliance, also spoke. One hundred and fifty German singers from Cleveland helped furnish music.

Hamilton was selected as the place of the next meeting of the alliance, Youngstown withdrawing after the voting began. Judges Schwaab of Cincinnati was re-elected president.

Resolutions were adopted regretting the Newark lynching, but condemning the Rose county option law as its cause and declaring that prohibition causes "blind tigers" and "speakeasies." There was a fight over indorsing the initiative and referendum as a means of getting the people to act on the saloon question, but a favorable resolution finally was adopted.

Hermann Fellinger of Cleveland, candidate for representative, vigorously opposed the adoption of a resolution to ask every candidate for the legislature to state his position on the liquor question, but was voted down.

TAFT BUSY ON ADDRESS FOR ST. PAUL

Beverly, Mass., August 22.—President Taft was still at work today on his campaign letter and conservation speech. The letter may be given out for publication within the next week or 10 days. The speech is to be delivered at St. Paul, September 5, a day in advance of Col. Roosevelt's address to the conservation congress. Mr. Taft spent the entire forenoon at his cottage, his only caller being Secretary Norton.

This afternoon he received Mayor Trowt and the other city officials of Beverly. Several other callers are on the engagement list. No date has been set as yet for Lloyd C. Griscom's visit.

DYNAMITE KILLS 15 SOLDIERS

Premature Explosion Brings Disaster in Germany.

Mainz, Germany, August 19.—Fifteen soldiers are reported to have been buried by a premature explosion of dynamite during the maneuvers of pioneering troops at Zechtsheimerberg today.

The pioneers were practicing blasting operations.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, Aug. 24.—A celebrated New York aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 390 No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

SOCIALISTS NOMINATE HUNTER

Author Heads State Ticket in Connecticut.

Noroton, Conn., August 22.—Robert Hunter, author and settlement worker, today accepted the nomination for governor, tendered him by the Socialist party of Connecticut. In his letter he says that many men consider it an honor to be nominated for office by the Democratic or Republican party, yet to be elected by either party means "little more than an opportunity to give this state another corrupt administration. To men of conscience that opportunity should mean disgrace, not honor."

INDIANAPOLIS HAS 233,650

Census Shows Growth of 64,486 Since 1900.

Washington, August 17.—The population of Indianapolis Ind., is 233,650, an increase of 64,486, or 38.1 per cent as compared with 169,164 in 1900.

The population of Albany, N. Y., is 100,253, an increase of 6,102, or 6.5 per cent as compared with 94,151 in 1900.

MRS. SHERMAN RECOVERED

Utica, N. Y., August 22.—Mrs. James S. Sherman, wife of Vice President Sherman, returned from Big Moose, this forenoon almost completely restored in health and strength.

Mrs. Sherman has been at Big Moose ever since coming from the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore, following her break down in Washington in the spring. She was accompanied home by Mr. Sherman, who will leave this evening for New York, and on Friday start on his speaking tour of the west. Mr. Sherman will not be in Utica tomorrow on the occasion of the visit of Colonel Roosevelt, as he had a previous engagement.

ST. LOUIS POPULATION 687,029

City Believed Well in Lead af Boston and Baltimore.

Waschington, August 22.—The population of the city of St. Louis is 687,029, a gain of 11,791, or 1.7 per cent, in the decade from 1900 to 1910.

Boston's population in 1900 was 560,892 and Baltimore's was 508,957. These two cities are St. Louis' competitors, but with the impetus given the city by the world's fair and the work perhaps of the Million Population club, it will be safely in the lead of Boston.

CANNON'S DANVILLE GROWS

Sioux City, Too, Pops Up With Nearly 50,000.

Washington, August 19.—The population of Sioux City, Iowa, is 47,828, an increase of 14,717, or 44.4 per cent as compared with 33,111 in 1900.

The population of Danville, Ill., is 27,871, an increase of 11,517, or 70.4 per cent as compared with 16,364 in 1900.

NEGROES PLEDGE HELP

Business Men's League Declares for Roosevelt.

New York, August 20.—The support of the negro electorate of the United States for a possible third term was pledged in behalf of Colonel Roosevelt today by the 1,100 delegates of the National Negro Business Men's League here in convention. The endorsement of the former President came after he had addressed the delegates on the opportunities for advancement open to the colored race in this country, and as the climax of an earnest and eloquent eulogy of his conduct in office made by Bishop Clinton, of this city.

Recalling the words of the former executive, that he would not be the one to "close the doors of hope in the face of a man because his skin happened to be black," Bishop Clinton expressed the gratitude of all negroes for the encouragement which this attitude of the then President had given to those of his race, and closed by assuring Colonel Roosevelt that in whatever "promotion" in public life he might seek he would always find the negro element solidly allied in his support.

The cheering which greeted this declaration had hardly abated when Booker T. Washington, chairman of the meeting, advanced to the front of the platform, and urged that all in sympathy with the sentiment expressed by Bishop Clinton rise to their feet. The entire assemblage rose amid renewed cheering.

In his address Colonel Roosevelt urged his hearers to practice the doctrine of self-help. He condemned the false prophets who preach envy and bitterness, and counseled the negroes to make the most of the many opportunities already opened to them.

WAIST MEASURE IS 15 INCHES

Woman at Everett, Mass., Puts Mlle. Pallaire in the Shade.

Boston, August 22.—Mlle. Pallaire, the Parisian danseuse, who boasts "the smallest waist of any woman in the world," must suffer in comparison to Mrs. Kittie Nyman, of 20 Nevada street, Everett, whose normal waist measure barely reaches 15 inches, as compared to Mlle. Pallaire's fifteen and three-quarters.

Mrs. Nyman is a little more than five and one-half feet tall, weighs about 125 pounds, with bust and hips measuring 36 and 38 inches, respectively. She says her waist is not the result of lacing and that she never wore a corset until she was 19.

Mlle. Pallaire is anything but beautiful. She is described as having uncouth features, protruding lips, large feet. Mrs. Nyman possesses good looks to no mean degree and in spite of 36 years could easily pass for a girl half that age.

MONKEY SERUM IS NEW CURE

Des Moines, Ia., August 19.—Monkey serum, innoculated with germs of infantile paralysis, may be the cause of stopping the epidemic which has resulted in the death of so many babies, according to State Bacteriologist Dr. Henry Aikert, of Iowa City. He declared that it might prove a complete cure for the disease. The theory was advanced at a special convention of physicians called by the state board of health to discuss the death rate among infants. About 125 physicians were present.

PINCHOT'S "STUMPING"

Helps California Insurgents Win a Victory.

San Francisco, Cal., August 17.—Returns coming in slowly from all sections of the state seem but to add to the completeness of the victory scored yesterday's primary election by the Lincoln-Roosevelt league, as the insurgent faction of the Republican party in California is designated.

It is estimated that the plurality of Hiram Johnson, its candidate for governor, will not be less than 20,000. Charles F. Curry, who ran second for the gubernatorial nomination, leads Hjalmer Anderson, the regular organization nominee, by a greater margin. Wallace Linton and Ellery, the remaining two stalwart candidates, cut but little figure in the general result, the former running strongly only in his home county, Los Angeles, and the latter receiving less than three per cent of the total Republican vote.

Two stalwart congressmen, Duncan McKinley, in the second district, and James McLachlan in the seventh, apparently have been defeated.

William E. Kent, for whom Gifford Pinchot "stumped" the second district, leads McKinlay by a narrow but safe margin, while W. D. Stephens has a similar lead over McLachlan.

E. A. Hayes, insurgent incumbent from the Fifth district, has been renominated. Englebright and Smith, regulars, appear to have been renominated in the First and Eighth districts respectively. In the other California districts, three in number, the present stalwart representatives were not opposed.

Figures on the advisory vote for United States senator to succeed Frank P. Flint, are far from complete, but in all of the returns John D. Works, the choice of the Lincoln-Roosevelt league, appears to be in the lead.

It is apparent that Johnson has carried along virtually all of the insurgent state ticket with him.

ASSERT COOK WASN'T THERE

Mt. McKinley Party Returns and Denies Doctor's Story.

Seward, Alaska, August 22.—The Parker-Browne Mount McKinley expedition passed through Seward Friday, sailing on the steamship Portland for Seattle. The party was unsuccessful in its efforts to scale the peak. Members of the expedition assert that they have conclusive evidence that Dr. Cook did not reach the summit.

The members of the Parker-Browne party corroborate the statements made by C. E. Rusk, who recently led an unsuccessful Mount McKinley expedition that the peak climbed by Dr. Cook and used in his photographs as Mount McKinley is a smaller peak, easy of access and 10 miles away from the real summit.

Prof. Herschel Parker, who is at the head of the expedition which just returned, took photographs of lower peaks which he says will prove that Dr. Cook's claim that he climbed Mount McKinley is not true.

LEOPOLD'S WIDOW IS WED

Baroness Vaughn Maries Retired French Merchant.

Paris, August 19.—Baroness Vaughan, the morganatic wife of the late King Leopold, of Belgium, and Emmanuel Durieux, a retired merchant living at Neuilly sur Seine, were married yesterday at Arronville, where the baroness has been living at the Chateau Balincourt.

In spite of all precautions to keep secret the marriage arrangements, the news filtered out and a large crowd gathered, cheering and annoying the bride.

As she hurried first to the mayor's office and then to the church, she strove to hide her features from cameras.

DEATH RECALLS SAD ROMANCE

Florence Nightingale's Sweetheart Is Buried in Wisconsin.

Fox Lake, Wis., August 19.—The death of Florence Nightingale, the "Angel of the Crimea," in London this week, recalls a romance in which Fox Lake is indirectly interested.

Florence Nightingale and William Shore were cousins in England and were sweethearts. The English law forbids the marriage of cousins, so they pledged their faith and separated, neither one ever to mary. William Shore drifted to Fox Lake, Wis., where he lived many years, dying in 1868, and his body is buried in Waushara cemetery in this village.

Florence Nightingale awaited in her beautiful home in London the supreme call to join her lover in death, which she has just answered.

Each was faithful; neither ever married.

$700 IS SEED TO MILLIONS

Four Brothers in Reunion Talk Over Remarkable Patrimony.

Bridgeport, Conn., August 23.—How a patrimony of $700 apiece developed into millions in the hands of four farmer boys was the theme of conversation at one of the most remarkable family reunions ever held in the state of Connecticut when Darius, Nathan G. and Charles Miller visited their brother Frank in Bridgeport today.

All were born near Middletown and over 50 years ago their father gave them $700 apiece and sent them out in the world. Each one of them now represents millions, and the total fortune of the four brothers is estimated at not less than $25,000,000, and, with their sister, their total age figured up to 370. The oldest is 81 and the youngest 65.

Darius located in New Britain, invested in a dry good business, and is now one of the wealthiest men in the state. Nathan G. went to New York to seek his fortune, plunging into the stock market and finally bought the Nickel Plate railroad. His fortune represents many millions.

Charles, who went to Waterbury last January turned over his store in that city to his clerks and retired. Frank invested his $700 in Bridgeport and now is president of the City National Bank, owns the biggest lumber business in the city besides being interested in many factories.

WOMAN'S LOVE

Sympathy For Her Own Sex Leads Her to Devote Her Life to Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, perhaps the most widely known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering sister, a FREE trial treatment, and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating diseases of women.

A suffering woman unconsciously proclaims her condition to all eyes. Her emaciation, her dull, heavy eyes, her sallow skin, the dark circles under her eyes, her repugnance for the joyous things of life declare her loss of beauty and loveliness and publish the wreck of her womanhood. You are suffering, dear sister, let the doctor help you. It costs you nothing to try her home treatment—write today describing your case and a valuable medical pamphlet FREE to any woman applying for the Free treatment.

Address Dr. LUELLA McKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 559 Ft. Wayne, Ind.

NO PLACE TO BE MISSED.
Dotted lines on wall show places to be visited on the map by T. R., starting August 25.

Wanamaker's

New York Fall Catalog will be ready Sept. 5. It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel.

We pay postage on mail shipments of $5 or more. See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery terms throughout the U. S. Just write us: "Please send Free Catalog No. 58"

John Wanamaker
New York

Extraordinary Bargains For Blade Readers Only

The Blade is in a position to offer a limited quantity of the following described articles at prices far lower than goods of like value can be purchased in quantities at the lowest wholesale prices. We are enabled to make these bargain prices because the goods are odd lots left in our premium department and it is necessary to dispose of them, because they are unavailable for our general offers owing to the insufficient quantity of any one article.

We are going to make this sacrifice without regard to the cost to us. These goods must go, and must go quickly, regardless of our loss. We make this offer to Blade subscribers only, so that they may profit by our loss.

Orders will only be filled when accompanied by remittance and will be shipped in the order they are received. If the supply of any article ordered has been exhausted, when the order reaches us, we reserve the privilege of returning the money. Furthermore, if any article is not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser, The Blade will refund the amount of the purchase.

36-Piece Japanese Tea Set

Remember, lots are limited and all orders will be filled as received.

Most of these articles make fine birthday, wedding and Xmas Gifts, and at these prices can be put aside and used later.

This is the genuine hand decorated Japanese ware and would cost you many times our price if purchased in any other way. The set consists of 6 tea plates, 6 pie plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 butter chips, 1 sugar bowl with cover, 1 tea pot with cover, 1 creamer and 1 vegetable dish. **Value $10.00.**

Our Bargain Price $4.40, and we pay freight charges

Rosezane Lamps

The body of this pretty oil lamp is made of the famous Rosezane ware. It is fitted up with burner, wick, chimney and shade complete and is ready for immediate use. The height of the lamp, completely fitted, is 20 inches. **Value $5.00.**

Our bargain price $2.85. We pay freight charges.

31-Piece Dinner Set

Consisting of 6 eight-inch dinner plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 butter chips, 6 sauce dishes and 1 twelve-inch platter. This is a very beautiful set and is decorated in green and gold design. **Value $5.00.**

Our Bargain Price $2.65, and we pay freight charges

Jardiniere & Pedestal

The jardiniere is 6 inches in width and 5 inches high. The pedestal is 7 inches high, thus making the whole 12 inches high. The color is a pink and green combination, very highly polished, making an unusually pretty household decoration. **Value $1.50.**

Our bargain price 80c, and we pay freight charges.

Mission Alarm Clock

A very attractive Mission timepiece. Clocks of similar design are to be found in the most magnificently furnished homes. Alarm attachment. **Price at any store, $2.50.**

Our bargain price $1.40, and we pay express charges.

Large Mission Clock

This is a Combination Old Mission Clock and Plate Rack. The only perfect timekeeper is a weight clock, as there are no springs to get out of order. The hands, weight and figures are made of the best of brass and highly polished, making a very handsome appearance. The clock is 23 inches long and 9 inches high and is finished in Old Mission style and is a very beautiful article for the Dining Room.

Value $6.00.

Our bargain price $3.05, and we pay freight charges.

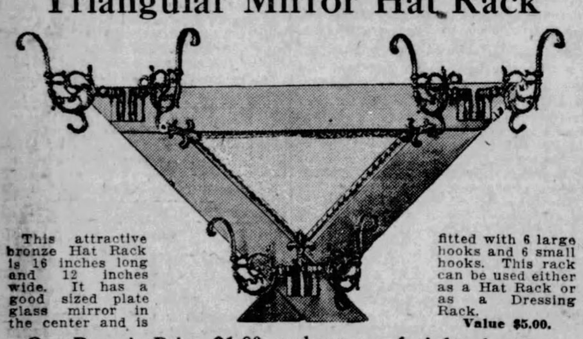
Many Print Embroidery Transfer Patterns

65 Embroidery Transfer Patterns. Assorted. Comprising the following designs—1 pair Cuffs, 13 Sprays, 4 Shirt Waists, 14 Borders, 1 Towel End, 2 Doilies, 4 Collars, 2 Alphabets, 5 Emblems, 1 Pillow Top, 9 Butterflies, 3 Initial Wreaths, 1 Opera Bag, 2 Bag Marks, 1 Scarf End, 1 Hat, 1 Skirt Panel.

Many Print Transfer Patterns can be used on Cloth, Wood or Leather. Instructions for transferring are sent with every set of patterns. Regular selling price 50 cents.

Our bargain price 14 cents postage paid.

Triangular Mirror Hat Rack



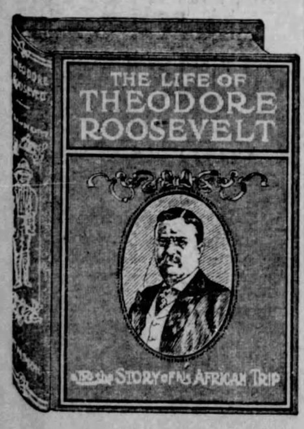
This attractive bronze Hat Rack is 16 inches long and 12 inches wide. It has a good sized plate glass mirror in the center and is fitted with 6 large hooks and 6 small hooks. This rack can be used either as a Hat Rack or as a Dressing Rack.

Value $5.00.

Our Bargain Price $1.80, and we pay freight charges

From records in the archives of the United States government. How American heroes won the medal of honor. History of our recent wars and explorations. From personal reminiscences and records of officers and enlisted men who were rewarded by congress for most conspicuous acts of bravery on the battlefield, on the high seas and in arctic explorations. Complete in two volumes. The most successful premium The Blade has ever used.

Publisher's Price $4.50. Our bargain price $1.70. We pay freight charges.



By Logan Marshall.

Containing his early life and public career, the Roosevelt policies, what he has done and what he stands for, the story of his African hunt, his triumphant trip through Europe and his reception on returning to America. A large, complete and illustrated book on the most popular of American citizens.

In this book are given to the public for the first time in one volume (390 pages), Roosevelt's life policies and travels. **Publisher's price, $1.50.**

Our bargain price 69c, postage paid.

A complete encyclopedia of elocution, oratory and etiquette—including after-dinner wisdom and humor; mirthful gems by witty writers; portraits and biographies of America's most distinguished statesmen, diplomats, divines and public speakers. With special articles on oratory by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Senator William E. Mason, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Senator William B. Allison, Hon. William J. Bryan, Hon. John G. Carlisle, Hon. David B. Henderson, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Also the complete etiquette of home, social, public and official life. And a special department for children, superbly illustrated.

Publisher's Price $1.50.

Our bargain price 84c postage paid.

Special edition for general use. Ten encyclopedic features. All new words given. Highly endorsed and recommended by leading educators. Seven hundred and fifty-six pages, eight hundred and forty illustrations, nineteen full page plate maps of hemispheres, lithographed in colors. Substantially bound in beautiful keratol (more durable than leather), red edges, patent thumb index.

Publisher's price $1.50.

Our bargain price 95c postage paid.

A valuable volume that should be in the hands of every farmer and gardener. A practical treatise on soil fertility, irrigation, drainage, crop culture, gardening, trucking, fruits, plant diseases, by the most eminent authorities. A special section devoted to the feed of farm animals for profit. An extensive discussion of silos and silage.

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FOREST FIRE DEATH LIST MAY REACH ONE HUNDRED

Missoula, Mont., August 22.—Twenty persons are known to be dead as the result of the forest fires within a radius of 150 miles of Wallace. The death list for the entire fire-swept district of northern Idaho is expected to reach 100 and probably more.

The general fire situation in this district, as far as early reports show today, is still discouraging. No word can be obtained from any points on the Coeur D'Alene line farther west than St. Regis, which has been deserted.

Intermittent communication which was in effect with Wallace early this morning was entirely cut off later and fears are entertained that the fires have again started in that place.

Saltez is still safe, but is surrounded by flames. The Northern Pacific official's special train is still at Saltez, but cannot be moved as bridges are burned on either side. Telegraph and telephone communication to the place is cut.

St. Regis, Old Town, has been abandoned by the women, children and disabled men, only a force of able-bodied fire-fighters being retained under Supervisor Koch to make a stand against the flames which are steadily advancing.

Since daylight the wind has risen and little hope is felt of saving the place. The breeze has veered slightly and is moving toward the city from the east and it is probable the new town will fall first.

The towns of Rivulet, Superior and Iron Mountain have been abandoned. The Iron Mountain Tunnel Co.'s mining property, located near Iron Mountain, caught fire early today and was destroyed.

A relief party is to be started out from Saltez over the Milwaukee railway this morning for Borax, carrying a large searching party which will attempt to find a company of soldiers unaccounted for since Saturday morning.

The forestry officials this morning report the Camas country, east of Potomac, as being the zone of a fire which is devastating forests and ranches.

A large force of men was started out by the Big Black Foot Milling Co. last night for Potomac and this morning 100 more left this city for Camas country.

Summer Homes Detroyed.

In the Clear Water forest reserve in the hills east of Lewiston, Idaho, new fires create no excitement, as the settlers have fled from the claims throughout the district and Forest Supervisor Fenn has refused to send any more fire fighters in, unless he can get pack trains to aid in getting supplies to them. A train of 25 horses was yesterday afternoon turned back in an attempt to reach a force of 65 men near Peck, which is known to have had but two days' rations.

Five fires are burning on the shores of Coeur d'Alene lake. One was threatening the village of Sunny Side, three miles from the town of Coeur d'Alene. Many summer homes on the beach have been destroyed. Refugees from burned districts poured into Spokane last night. Seven hundred from Wallace crossed Lake Coeur d'Alene by boat and came to Spokane by electric line.

APPEALS TO SAVE LIFE POURING INTO WASHINGTON

Washington, Aug. 22.—With forests, ranches and towns on fire in the northwest, appeals for help from the federal government, not to protect the forests, but to save human lives, poured into Washington today.

As a result every means at the disposal of the officials was bent toward rendering aid, and the precarious situation laid before President Taft by telegraph with a view to necessary legislative action.

The situation was taken up at a conference at the war department between Associate Forester Potter, of the forestry service, Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, who returned from an inspection at West Point to superintend the relief from the army standpoint, and Adjutant Ainsworth.

The immediate result of the conference was the ordering into service of the last five companies available in the stricken regions for fire fighting duty and of pack trains, carrying medical supplies and army surgeons to the immediate relief of the sufferers.

Mr. Potter presented before the army officials his latest information from the fire regions. His advices were that high winds prevailed Sunday which resulted in many dangerous fires. At Wallace, Idaho, one-quarter of the area of the town had been burned; Newport, Wash., was said to be threatened and Libby and Troy, Mont., in grave danger and each town asking for 250 troops. Twenty-five fire fighters had been killed, according to the forestry reports, and Mr. Potter was inclined to believe that these had all been in the employ of the forest service.

The war department already has ordered 30 companies into the fields. If other federal troops are to be ordered to the threatened regions, thy must come from distant forts, and emergency funds must be provided for their transportation.

FORESTER GETS PROOF FIREBUGS ARE AT WORK

Washington, --ugust 22.—Positive evidence that many of the forest fires in Oregon are of incendiary origin has been discovered by government agents according to a telegram received at the offices of the forest service here today from Associate District Forester Cecil of Portland.

Mr. Cecil says in his dispatch that there is no doubt that the fires in the Crater National forest and at Medford resulted from incendiarism and that he has started 25 men on scout duty in an effort to catch the culprits.

AGAINST ALL SUNDAY SHOWS

Churches of England Are Given Aid by Theatrical Workers.

London, August 22.—There is a big revival of Sabbatarianism in England just now. In preparation for the coming fall the leaders of the religious denominations are pulling wires to make things hard for the National Sunday league and other bodies that provide popular concerts on Sunday evenings and bands in the public parks. For once in a while the church zealots have been joined by theatrical workers.

The success of this curious union has already been shown in the refusal of the queen's hall proprietors to let the principal concert hall to the National Sunday league as hitherto. It is a great score, for the Queen's hall concerts have drawn 3,000 paying patrons every Sunday night for years, but at such modest fees that last year's balance sheet showed a deficit. The best vocalists are engaged and the only difference between these concerts and the regular week day shows is that the audience is less discriminating and encores everything.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY
Young Hand-Raised Mexican Parrots that will Talk in a few months if properly trained. Red Head, $5.75; cage $2.00 extra. Double Yellow Head, $10; cage $3. Cash with order; none sent C. O. D.
Vincent Sanford, Toledo, O.

PLACE LOSS AT THREE HUNDRED

Forester Says He Can Now Account for But Half of His Fighting Force of 600.

Spokane, Wash., August 23.—Three hundred fire fighters of a total force of 600 which has been battling the flames in the burning white pine forest of northern Idaho, are unaccounted for today.

Government Forest Supervisor W. R. Weigle, at Wallace, today declared it his belief that nearly all of the fire-fighters had perished.

"Out of my total force of 600 men I have received word of the safety of only 300," said the supervisor. "The others, when last heard from, were working in the districts where the flames have been fiercest, along the head waters of the Coeur D'Alene and the St. Joe. I am forced to the appalling conclusion that nearly all of the men have lost their lives."

President Taft's suggestion that the fire-stricken states of the west should call out their state militia to assist the federal troops in handling the situation, has already borne fruit in Idaho, where Governor Brady has called out the national guard. The President has been sent the following additional telegram from Governor Brady, telling of the situation in Idaho:

Describes Conditions.

Boise, Idaho, August 23.—"Hon. William H. Taft, President, Beverly, Mass.—Since wiring you I have received the following telegram from Spokane:

"'Unquenchable fires, one a mile wide, are eating up the forest between Avery and St. Joe. The settlers are all driven out, 75 at St. Joe. Seven dead bodies of rangers found near there; more than 50 are missing who are believed to be dead, but no help available. Women and children helped to town by volunteer rescue parties. Great fires around Burke and Mullan threaten if they have not already destroyed these towns. Fires between Ralphdrum and Spirit Lake are in enormous bodies of timber with many settlers and summer campers in danger. Forests around Newport, Wash., near the Idaho line, well nigh uncontrollable because of the high winds that are prevailing in this region. Five are known to be dead and many missing in that region, and settlers are all driven away, their fine possessions burning.

"'On the Couer D'Alene shores two fires are burning, brands falling in Couer D'Alene city. Wallace property loss totals half million dollars; loss of life in town probably 10 and in the vicinity nearby 50. Wind may veer any moment and endanger rest of city, which is one-third depopulated. Fires seem to be beyond human control in most instances, but large force of men directed by experienced foresters could save timber worth many millions.'

"I am convinced that conditions warrant me in calling out the state militia in encampment American Lake, Washington, and I have ordered Gen. F. M. Rowe proceed with all dispatch and all troops under his command to Couer D'Alene to assist in the alleviation of suffering of the stricken people as a result of forest fires, and perform such duty as may be in his judgment necessary for the further protection of life and propty. I will co-operate in every way possible with national troops. I will keep you fully advised as to conditions in our state.

"JAMES H. BRADY,
"Governor."

TORNADO LOSS PUT AT MILLION

Ludington, Mich., August 23.—Damage estimated at a million dollars was done by a tornado here last night and the small steamer Golden Age, carrying Mrs. J. Boyd and son, said to be of Grand Rapids, Mich., is thought to be lost on Lake Michigan.

Fruit trees suffered enormous damage and many buildings were unroofed.

FLINT CENSUS BREAKS RECORD

Gains 194.2 Per Cent—From 13,103 to 38,550.

Washington, August 23.—The population of Battle Creek, Mich., is 25,267, an increase of 6,704 or 36.1 per cent as compared with 18,563 in 1900.

The population of Flint, Mich., is 38,550, an increase of 25,447, or 194.2 as compared with 13,103 in 1900.

The population of Jackson, Mich., is 31,433, an increase of 6,253 or 24.8 per cent as compared with 25,180 in 1900.

RESUME LYNCH PROBE

Newark, August 23.—Assistant Attorney General Miller, who with Prosecutor Smythe is conducting the Etherington lynching investigation, said that he thought the jury would finish its work next week.

Ninety-five more witnesses were subpoenaed yesterday.

STEAMS AWAY TO WEST

Colonel Roosevelt Is Off on Long Speech-Making Tour of Country.

New York, August 23.—Colonel Roosevelt was in one of his happiest of moods this morning as he edged his way through the crowd at the station, and smilingly remarked to one of his business associates that it seemed like old campaigning days. Mrs. Roosevelt, Congressman and Mrs. Longworth and Quentin Roosevelt came to the station to bid the Colonel welfare.

The colonel was disinclined at first to discuss politics in any of its phases, and when told that it had been reported that he was expected to make a detailed answer this morning regarding Mr. Taft's letter to Mr. Griscom, he laughed and said:

"I am afraid you are an over trustful nature. Now, I am not going to say any thing—not a word."

"Well, you are happy, aren't you, colorel?" ventured a newspaper man, but the colonel only beamed in reply.

Goes to Private Cars.

The colonel and his family were escorted by the railroad officers to the private car Republic, and there the former President was soon joined by County Chairman Griscom and Collector of the Port Loeb. Later the colonel emerged from the rear of his private car and made thes tatement that he would go to the state convention if Nassau county selected him as a delegate, and that there would be no compromise, as the issues were clear cut.

The declaratioa of Colonel Roosevelt was quickly taken to mean by politicians today that he now proposes to go to the convention at Saratoga and make his fight against the "old guard" for the platform and candidates that he thinks most desirable.

There was a rousing cheer from railroad employes and others as the colonel's car, attached to a regular train, moved out of the station and the former president waved good-bye with his big black felt hat. The first stop is at Utica, where he is due at 3:33 this afternoon.

Col. Roosevelt is to make the first speech of his trip today at Summit park, near Utica. Instead of leaving the train at Utica, as had been planned, he will go direct to Oriskany, nine miles from Utica, and proceed by automobile to Summit park, a mile away. There he will speak to the farmers of Herkimer and Oneida counties, who are holding a picnic at the park today. He will spend the night at the country home in Mohawk, Herkimer county, of Douglas Robinson, of New York, his brother-in-law, remaining there until shortly before his car leaves Utica at midnight tomorrow night.

He will proceed, with no stops of length, to Cheyenne, Wyo., where he is to make his second speech, at the cowboys' carnival. During the entire trip he will travel 5,493 miles.

Mr. Roosevelt, accompanied by Wm. B. Howland, Ernest Hamlin Howland, Harold J. Howland and Frank Harper, his secretary, will travel in the private car Republic. A car filled with newspaper men starts with the Republic from New York and carries 17 representatives of news agencies and newspapers. Another newspaper car will be added at Chicago, making a total of about 35 journalists who will travel with the colonel on this trip. The three special cars will be attached to regular passenger trains, thus following the regular schedules. The train arrangements for the entire trip have been made by E. J. O'Hayes, Jr., general passenger agent of the New York Central, who accompanies the party.

TAFT NOTE SETS PARTY AT PEACE

President Issues Explanatory Letter Dealing With New York Situation.

TAFT'S POSITION STRONG.

New York, August 23.—Chairman Lloyd Griscom said today: "I regard President Taft's position now as stronger than it has been at any time since he took hold of the administration. He has simply done what we all expected he would do."

New York August 23.—President Taft and former President Roosevelt are again fellow workers in the same political field. The threat that they might pull apart has been forefended by a full explanation on one side and an unreserved acceptance on the other.

The President makes it plain in a letter given out here today by Lloyd C. Griscom, president of the New York Republican county committee, how the misunderstanding arose. He explains he never took any part in a committee cabal to defeat Colonel Roosevelt for temporary chairman of the coming Republican state convention.

Rebukes Party Leaders.

On the contrary, he explicitly deplores the result of the committee meeting which chose Vice President Sherman; he rebukes the party leaders who have permitted it to go abroad uncontradicted that the President of the United States was behind their factional preferences; he says at every opportunity he advised the fullest conference with Colone' Roosevelt, and he explains that he has been pained by the "columns of unfounded assertions in the newspapers concerning my attitude in respect to the New York situation."

Colonel Roosevelt, when he read President Taft's letter, as communicated to him at Oyster Bay, said:

"I am very glad to see President Taft's letter and am pleased with it."

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3958 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will **send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.**

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 23.—Wire trouble was the chief feature on the session early in the morning. A storm at Chicago put the service in bad shape, and quotations came in only at times most of the morning. Wheat opened rather tamely, but showed good buying power early in the day. Purchasing appeared of good character. Up till midday cables were firm and higher, though as the day progressed the Liverpool market lost some of its strength. Receipts keep liberal. Toledo cash opened unchanged at $1.00½, September unchanged at $1.01, December ¼c higher at $1.05 and May ⅝c advanced at $1.09⅝. Advances ranging from ½c to ⅝c developed before midday.

Lighter arrivals in some of the markets, strength in the northwest and a big jump in cables late in the day resulted in a good bulge. No export demand has turned up lately. From now on Argentina must be counted a leading factor. Cash and September closed 1c up at $1.01½ and $1.02, December 1¼c higher at $1.06⅛ and May 1⅝c advanced at $1.11.

Corn at the outset was firm and unchanged to ½c higher, the futures showing the most strength. September started at 62½c, December at 59½c and May at 62c.

In corn, prices were practically unchanged from the noon hour's at the close.

Oats, likewise showed vigor on the call, with the more remote futures the stronger. September started unchanged at 35¾c, December at 38⅛c and May at 41¼c.

Final values in oats: Cash, 35¾@36c; September, 35¾c; December, 38⅛c; May, 40⅞c.

Clover seed values at the outset and up till 10 a. m. were 2½c higher all around, cash opening at $8.65 and the futures at $8.45.

Clover seed closed 7½c higher, cash ending the day at $8.70 and the futures at $8.50.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Aug.23	Aug.22
Wheat—					
Cash	1.00½	....	....	1.01½	1.00½
Sept	1.01	....	....	1.02	1.01
Dec	1.05	....	....	1.06¼	1.04⅞
May	1.09¾	....	....	1.11	1.09⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	65¼	65
Sept	62½	....	....	63½	62½
Dec	59½	....	....	59⅝	59⅝
May	62	62¼	....	62	61½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35¾@36	35¾@36
Sept	35⅝	35⅞	....	35¾	35¾
Dec	38⅛	38¼	38	38⅛	38
Mya	41¼	....	....	40⅞	41
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.65	....	....	8.70	8.62½
Oct	8.45	....	....	8.50	8.42½
Dec	8.45	....	....	8.50	8.42½
March	8.45	....	....	8.50	8.42½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	72¼	72¼
No. 3	....	....	....	69½	69½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	3.05	3.05
Aug	....	....	....	3.05	3.05
Sept	....	....	....	3.05	3.05
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.62½	8.62½
Aug	....	....	....	8.62½	8.62½
Sept	....	....	....	8.62½	8.62

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	98⅞	1.00¼	....	99⅝	99⅛
Dec	1.02⅞	1.04⅛	....	1.04	1.03
May	1.07⅝	1.09	....	1.08⅞	1.07⅝
Corn—					
Sept	60⅛	60⅝	....	60⅜	60
Dec	58¼	58⅞	58⅛	58⅛	58⅛
May	60⅝	60⅞	60⅛	60⅜	60¾
Oats—					
Sept	34⅝	34⅝	34⅜	34⅛	34⅝
Dec	36⅝	36⅞	36½	36⅝	36⅝
May	39⅝	40	39½	39⅝	39½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.05⅝	1.07	....	1.06⅝	1.06

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	97⅞	....	....	98⅝	97⅝
Dec	1.02	....	....	1.03	1.02

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.10	1.08⅝
Dec	....	....	....	1.11⅞	1.00

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.13	1.11¼
Dec	....	....	....	1.12¼	1.11½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	2.150	....	21.27	21.30	21.47
Oct	....	....	....	20.60	21.86
Jan	18.75	....	....	18.40	18.70
Lard—					
Sept	12.12	....	....	11.92	12.10
Oct	....	....	....	11.92	12.05
Jan	....	....	....	10.52	10.65
Ribs—					
Sept	12.60	....	....	12.47	12.57
Oct	11.77	....	....	11.62	11.80
Jan	9.75	....	....	9.62	9.80

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 23.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled strong. Everything else was steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.00@9.10; good mediums, $9.10@9.15; heavy yorkers, $9.40@9.45; light yorkers, $9.40@9.50; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $9.10@9.25; good pigs, $9.40@9.50; bulk of sales, $9.40; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.50.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 @1,200, $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900@1,100, $5.25@5.75; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $3.50@4.25; fair to good cows, $3.00@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.50@4.00; good butcher bulls, $3.25@3.75; fair to good bologna, $3.25@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.00@5.00; fair to good heifers, $3.00@4.00; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.25; stockers, good to choice, $3.50@4.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; culls to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; lambs, choice, $6.00@6.25.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.00@9.25 down; fair to good, $8.00@8.50; common to light, $6.00@7.50; heavy and pail fed, $4.00@5.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, August 23.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 2 cars, steady. Hogs, 8 cars, strong. Heavy, $9.15; medium, $9.20@9.30; yorkers, $9.50@9.60; pigs, $9.75. Sheep, 5 cars, steady. Lambs, $6.50@6.60; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; wethers, $4.50@4.75; ewes, $4.00@4.25. Calves, $5.00@10.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, August 23.—(By Live Stock Journal)—Cattle steady. Hogs, 1,000 market active, 10@25c higher; heavy, $8.90@9.00; yorkers, $9.25; mediums, $9.55@9.60; yorkers, $9.60@9.65; lights, $8.50@9.75; pigs, $9.75@9.80. Sheep steady, $4.50 down; lambs slow, $6.25 down. Calves steady, $9.50 down.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, August 23.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hogs, receipts 20 cars; market higher; yorkers, $9.50; heavy, $9.00. Calves, $9.50. Lambs, $6.25. Steers, $6.50@7.25; cows and bulls, $4.00@4.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, August 23.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 7,000; market steady to strong. Beeves, $4.85@8.50; Texas steers, $3.70@5.85; western steers, $4.00@7.00; stockers and feeders, $4.10@6.25; cows and heifers, $2.00@6.60; calves, $6.50@8.75. Hogs, receipts estimated at 13,000; market 5c to 10c higher. Light, $8.75@9.25; mixed, $8.25@9.10; heavy, $7.35@8.85; rough, $7.95@8.15; good to choice heavy, $8.75@8.85; pigs, $8.80@9.25; bulk of sales, $8.40@8.70. Sheep, receipts estimated at 20,000; market strong to 10c up. Native, $2.50@4.50; western, $2.75@4.50; yearlings, $4.50@5.60; lambs, native, $4.75@6.85; western, $4.75@6.85.

Money and Stocks.

New York, August 23.—There was a moderate resumption of yesterday's selling movement at the opening today, but the losses were only of consequence in a few stocks.

Among the most active issues declines generally ran to small fractions with New York Central, Chesapeake & Ohio and Wabash preferred showing exceptional losses of 1 and Reading 1. Republic Steel preferred and Bethlehem Steel gave way 1¼ and American Steel Foundries and C., C. C. & St. L. 1.

Selling ceased shortly after the opening when the market stiffened gradually until the early sharp losses had been turned into corresponding gains in some cases. As on yesterday, the most activity and widest fluctuations were in Union Pacific, Reading and United States Steel, Reading more than made up its opening decline and Union Pacific and United States Steel also showed a large fraction above yesterday's close. Unlisted Dry Goods preferred advanced 4½, National Railways of Mexico second preferred 1¾, National Biscuit 1¼ and Western Union 1. Atlantic Coast Line sagged 1½.

The market held pretty firm on the recovery, although there was occasional light profit taking in Reading and several others. This support extended to prices when the market was weak, drove in the short interest to some extent, but speculative operations generally were held in check pending further developments in the political situation. American Cotton Oil improved 1 point, American Sugar preferred dropped 3 points and Texas Pacific and Allis-Chalmers preferred 1. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York, August 23, 1910.

Stocks	Open.	High.	Low.	Close
Atl. Coast Line	110¾	110¾	109	109
Am. Loco. com	34½	34¾	34¾	34¾
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	119	119	118	118
Atchison	98½	99¼	98¾	98¾
Anaconda	39⅞	39⅞	39⅝	39⅝
Amal. Copper	64⅝	65¼	64⅝	64⅝
Am. Smelters	67⅝	67⅝	66⅞	67
Am. Woolen Co	28¾	28¾	28¾	28¾
Am. Linseed pfd	33	33	33	33
Am. Tel. & Tel	134⅞	134⅞	134⅞	134⅞
Am. Cotton Oil	61½	63	61½	61½
Am. Beet Sugar	33¾	34½	33¾	34
Balt. & Ohio	103½	104⅝	103½	104⅛
Brooklyn R. T	75¼	75¾	75¼	75¾
Beth Steel com	26½	27½	26½	26¾
Canadian Pacific	190½	190¾	190¼	190¼
Clover Leaf	23¾	23¾	23¾	23¾
Clover Leaf pfd	49	49¼	48	48
Colorado Fuel	30	30¼	29	29
Ches. & Ohio	72⅝	73¼	72¾	73
Central Leather	33⅞	34¼	33¾	33¾
Consolidated Gas	128¾	129⅝	128½	128½
Can pfd	97⅝	98	97⅝	97⅝
Corn Product com	14	14	13¾	13¾
Del. & Hudson	161½	161¾	161¼	161¼
Distillers Sec	30¾	31	30½	30½
Erie com	25	25½	25	25
Erie 1st pfd	43¾	43¾	43¼	43¼
Gt. Northern pfd	123¾	124½	123¾	124
Ill. Central	130½	130½	129¾	129¾
Interborough com	17⅝	18	17⅝	17⅞
Interborough pfd	47¼	48¾	47¼	47¾
Louis. & Nash	142¾	142¾	142¼	142¼
Laclede Gas	101½	101⅞	101½	101⅞
Missouri Pacific	52	53	52	52
M. S. M	128¾	128¾	128¾	128¾
M. K. & T. com	31⅞	32¼	31⅞	32¼
M., K. & T. pfd	62	62	61	61
Nor. Pacific	114½	115	113¾	113¾
Northwestern	143¾	144	143¾	143¾
N. Y. Central	111	112	110¾	110¾
N. J. W. com	96¼	97	96¾	97
Ont. & Western	40	40	40	40
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	35	35¼	35	35
Penn. Ry	128⅝	129	128¾	129
Pacific Mail	27	27	27	27
Reading com	141⅝	142⅝	140⅝	140⅝
Rock Island	30½	31⅝	30⅝	30⅝
Rock Island pfd	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝
Rep. I. & S. Co	30¾	31	30¾	30¾
South. Ry	22¾	23	22¾	22¾
South. Ry. pfd	53½	53½	53½	53½
St. Paul	120¼	121¾	120¼	121¾
South. Pacific	113¾	114